

**I SMELL A
RADLER**

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MITCHEL RAPHAEL ON WHAT BEATS FLIPPING BURGERS AT 24 SUSSEX AND 'JOLIVIA'



McDONOUGH and Sgro, separated at birth

SAVE THE CARIBOU FOR THE GUESTS

Stephane Dion's wife, Jeanine Krueher, is already busy planning her garden parties for June at Stoneway. She says she is getting ready to move there at the last minute—24 Sussex. Krueher has always loved throwing parties and says she is even more excited to maintain now that she has staff to help. She has decided soon if she will return to teaching in September. When husband-in-law Dion, she wouldn't like to become students with RCMP guards in the back of the car—although they would add to the ambience. The political science professor and communications expert is currently in silhouette from Saint Jean Campus of the Royal Military College. Krueher says she finds Stoneway cold. Literally. One of the walls in the proximity of the house is poorly insulated and the cost of redoing that part of the heritage property would be steep. Needless to say, the house would not have done well under the old EnerGuide evaluation program the Liberals had launched.

Krueher is taking less exact these days. She has asked her chef at Stoneway to only prepare more dishes when guests are present to eat down on two many curfew meals. The chef is happy to oblige and excited to offer veg-

itarian dishes. He is delighted not to have to flip burgers once at 24 Sussex as the burgers appear only upon request.

Krueher is also spending time reminding the Liberals that they haven't implemented their leader and that they should avoid trying to change her into something he wants. Dion and Krueher



just celebrated 30 years of marriage. He bought her a hand bag while in Sicily soon when they were there for the Juno Awards. The two can be found at North Toronto and her three-year-old daughter, Neve, on the return flight from Saskatoon to Toronto. News was saying the whole way back.

GREY PRIDE

For years there has been visual confusion between Toronto Liberal MP Judy Sgro and former NDP leader and current Liberal MP Alex McDonough. When Sgro attended Pierre Trudeau's funeral, someone called out, "Hey, it's McDonough." When Sgro goes to Halifax, there are McDonough sports cars everywhere. Both MPs have similar shaped faces and had similar haircuts. Until recently, both were blond. Now,

Krueher and Dion were on the same flight as Fortale

after over 40 years of having some sort of colour in her hair; McDonough has embraced grey pride. "I went to a reunion with eight of my closest childhood friends and five had gone totally natural. They looked way better



DI DOPPER JACK: Chow watches as Lipton scratches at Big Promp's

than the rest of us. I said that's a little cheaper. It's a big time thief to keep trying to disguise your grey hair." The reason to her change and hair has been overwhelmingly positive, with one small link. "My five-year-old granddaughter named to mean church a couple of weeks ago said, 'Nanny, what happened to

your hair? It got really old.' To which 20 people all around me in the pews laughed agoniously. It's more fitting of my grand mother role. I have five grand children and another one on the way. I'm proud of that, so why

not be proud of my grey hair?" It will stay like some time for people to sort out Sgro and McDonough. Sgro says she was mistaken for the Liberal MP just this month. McDonough says, "I would have thought by now people would have figured out we are two different people."

OTTAWA'S DRANGELINA?

When Jack Layton and Olivia Chow dropped by the fourth anniversary of Big Promp's, Toronto's hot gay bar, night, one Lipton attendee looked at the MP couple and said, "Hey, it's Jolivia!" Another asked Chow if she remembered him from when she was campaigning during the last election. He had answered the line wearing only his underwear. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa updates or to contact Mitchell Raphael, visit mitchelraphael.com



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Pacific Gateway: the feds are getting it right



PAUL WELLS

I have shocking news. The federal government is doing great. It's not as good as it seems, but it's not as bad as it seems. It's not as good as it seems, but it's not as bad as it seems. It's not as good as it seems, but it's not as bad as it seems.

That's not the sort of story that frequently makes *Newsweek*, where many of my colleagues spent March predicting a federal election and will spend April explaining why it didn't happen. But since it's the guy who wrote, in this space last October, that Canada would win its share of the most lively increase, Asian cargo markets if Stephen Harper's government did not act more rationally, it behooves me to tell you that there has been a burst of action on the file since then.

I'm talking about the so-called Pacific Gateway, which amounts to a question: with container port traffic in the Asia-Pacific growing every year by an amount equal to British Columbia's total port capacity, will Canada be able to make itself a sufficiently efficient port to attract that amazing bounty?

Without much further, Paul Martin (remember him?) saw that opportunity and moved quickly to act on it. With even less fanfare, the Harper government has managed to speed the tempo still further. First, Jan Halasz's March budget brought federal spending for the gateway to \$1 billion over seven years, up from the \$991 million Martin announced in 2005 and which Harper re-announced last fall. Still, even that reach money to a tiny fraction of the investment that's needed.

But it's not government's role to shovel money into ports. There are coalition billions of private sector investors dollars in the global port business. What government needs to do is serve that private money by ensuring there's a reliable source of funds and not rely on the feds—the "Corridor Initiative."

That's where the feds have concentrated

In February, the party-hopping Trade Minister David Emerson and U.S. Premier Gordon Campbell broke ground for the construction of a new bridge over the Port Row between Port Coquitlam and Port Moody. With \$100 million from the feds and \$100 million from the province, the seven-lane bridge will replace two two-lane swing bridges over which traffic has tripled since 1985.

That new bridge will help unlog the north road out of downtown Vancouver. Further to the south, the 40 km Roberts Bank Rail Corridor out of Delta port passes through 39 level crossings in Delta, Langley, Abbotsford and Surrey. Rail traffic goes through that maze without much trouble, but it is maddening for motorists to sit at those crossings while an endless congestion rolls by. Local residents are in a vile mood. Traffic cannot increase if their lives don't get better. So federal officials sat down with local mayors and councillors,

has been a so-called corridor stretch of highway out of Lake Louise, in Banff National Park. That highway is now being doubled, at a cost of \$100 million. That's a lot of money because it has to be, at a charitable donation park, so-called "wilderness" measures, which let wildlife go about its business while we go about ours, must be built in 80 that the kilometre stretch of highway includes overpasses for wandering elk.

Even a central government can't always think the way business does. So three prominent businessmen—Arthur Deller from Winnipeg's Palmer Firm, the Vancouver investor Jack Turner, and Jeff Roughton from Prince Rupert Grain Ltd.—have been advising the Harper government. Since December they've met business and government leaders in China, Singapore, Los Angeles, Rotterdam and Dubai and report regularly back to Emerson.



It's crucial for getting our share of the massively lucrative Asian cargo market

The provincial government still intends to do more to build overpasses and underpasses along the Roberts Bank corridor because of those players have been working together, \$100 million from the province and the private sector.

Let the critical way to avoid congestion at Vancouver is to steer right around it by building another container terminal up at Prince Rupert, the closest North American deep water port to Asia. The ground for the new Frontier Container Terminal has been broken. Construction should end before the year does.

Further east, traffic has to flow smoothly through the Rockies. One risky bottleneck

None of this battle will mean much if the world doesn't have about it. There is simply no match around in Asia in January, Canada is to be built. So in January, business travelled to Beijing, Hong Kong and Shanghai to brief Chinese officials on Canada's Pacific Gateway. Next month a three-day national conference on gateways will draw academic experts from China, Taiwan, Germany and the U.S. to Vancouver. Governments don't usually get coverage for talking hard work seriously, two business and two government have managed to do that. That's the good you'd like to know.

ON THE WEB For more Paul Wells, visit his blog at www.macleans.ca/pdwells



Pte. Kevin Reynolds



Cpl. Christopher Smith



Cpl. David Lane



Cpl. Aaron Wilson



Pte. David Greenfield



Cpl. David Foster

SILENT MEMORIAL

Hundreds of Canadian troops travelled to France on Easter weekend to mark the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. On Saturday, as the sun began to set, the soldiers stood at silent attention outside the newly restored National Vimy Memorial. The next day, many reached France that its more Canadian were killed in Afghanistan, the victims of a powerful roadside bomb.



'In Russia even those who were circumspect about affairs said they were a harmless vice, like an occasional drink'

PAMELA DRUCKERMAN, AUTHOR OF 'LUST IN TRANSLATION,' TALKS TO KATE FILLION ABOUT INFIDELITY AND THE BEST PLACE TO HAVE AN AFFAIR

Q You traveled all over the world talking to people about extramarital affairs, and discovered that each culture has its own set of attitudes toward infidelity. What's the North American story?

A: Americans tend to believe that the most appropriate value in a marriage is honesty, and that couples should be completely honest with each other at all times. One consequence is that affairs are so taboo that sometimes people treat them as more serious relations ships than they actually are.

Q: You wrote by drawing up what an affair truly reveals: flings in the fiery of high romance?

A: Exactly. Men who don't feel obliged to tell their wives they have problems in their marriages. The same is true for women. You even get situations where people who are in happy or happy-enough marriages end up talking to their affair partners about going married because they feel obliged to convert the relationship into something socially acceptable. The custom is in the west, so, because who wants to be the Other Woman? Everyone's going to tell you you're making a mistake. The mistress is almost obliged to agree to the position of wife, even if she doesn't really want to marry the guy. Americans were also the most hating up on the socialization of affairs, and managing the level of guilt they feel while they were cheating. It was the only place people said, "Well, we

had an affair, but we didn't have an affair because that would be so much worse."

Q: Why do North Americans have the idea that the revelation of an affair automatically entails trouble in the marriage, or, at least, creates drama?

A: Because in the North American context, it's very often done. Honesty is such an important value in relationships in America that when someone discovers their spouse has lied, they often compare it to post-traumatic stress syndrome. When you lie over and over again, it's "It's not the sin, it's the lying." In fact, a lot of people believe that recovery from an affair involves telling the spouse every single detail of the affair.

Q: That sounds like torture. Is it a relatively new development, isn't it?

A: Beginning in the 1970s, North Americans came to believe that the focus for resolving marital problems is couples therapy. Partly this was a result of the introduction of female doctors, at which point our expectations of marriage changed radically. Marriage was no longer something that could contain problems like infidelity; suddenly people had very high expectations of their marriages and at the highest of perfection, including even a one right word. They were willing to read it all. Counselors all over the world have marriage therapy. England has a lot of it for couples, but the U.S. is the only place where after an affair people don't automatically assume they have to seek professional help. In the last 20 to 25 years there's been a surge in all

kinds of couples therapies. Now there are infidelity groups, church leaders, online chat and local kind-of support from what I think of as the marriage counseling complex.

Q: Does any of this therapy, particularly if it ends up going over the drinks again and again, actually make people feel any worse?

A: The problem with evaluating therapy, including the really inflicting one, is there's very little scientific evidence for what works.

Q: What about, if any, has been found about North Americans' script for affairs?

A: I think the women's movement has definitely raised women's expectations, just as no fault divorce did, at what marriage will bring to them. It's certainly made them less tolerant of cheating. A one affair rule has been raised, where women say to their husbands, "If you cheat, it's over." I think the feminist script is that you're entitled to a screenplay marriage, and if your spouse cheats, the whole thing is ruined. On the other hand, because cheating was traditionally seen as the province of men—you have the image of the husband knocking off with his secretary—there's some subtle cultural message that when women cheat, it's some kind of capitulation, or expression of their liberation.

Q: Do European and North American men have any understanding why, for instance, Hillary Clinton never married in the life she has devoted to her?

A: Europeans think Americans are a bit more for thinking that a question of a country, especially, wouldn't cheer on his wife

As just that's true in France.

Q: You're an American living in Paris. Is it true that the French have more affairs than anyone else?

A: That's not really the stereotype. We often hear about French presidents cheating, and think that's evidence that everyone in the whole country is running around. But in fact, ordinary French people cheat less than Americans do, which is to say that about 1.8 percent of married French men and two percent of married French women say they've had an affair in the past year. In America, it's 1.1 percent for men and 1.1 percent for women.

So in real life, Americans and French people behave much the same. The big difference is in the way they test adultery, their attitudes towards adultery, not in what they actually do behind closed doors.

Q: What happens after an affair in France?

A: In America, there's this very powerful assumption that once an affair is discovered, the couple will have this heated fight and probably the cheater will be banished from the house. In place like France, there's no assumption that if you find out your husband is cheating, you immediately march into his study and demand to know what's going on. You might prefer not to know what's happening, and to make it an some other way. That could be by having an affair yourself, a revenge affair, or it could be by trying to make improvements in the marriage that will bring him back.

Q: You write that France was the most difficult place to find people willing to talk about affairs. Why?

A: I think the French believe—in all aspects of their lives, but especially about sex or coming to adultery—in discretion. Certainly there are some talk shows, but there isn't the culture of confession that exists in North America, where there's also a sense of putting together to confess a secret. In America you have disclosure coming forward to talk about your problems with the idea that if you tell your story, other people will be helped. There just isn't that idea in French culture. One thing about French culture is that it's used to last longer in the U.S. so they do a very good job of creating this sense of privacy where these people don't want to go outside what may be, for them, a very good thing.

Q: What about having an affair if you're not here as a host or guest?

A: Yeah, probably, if you're a man. For sheer statistical likelihood of cheating, Japan tops the list, though the figures do include men who are polygamists. In terms of having a quality affair, and also of the few women, I would say France is the place.

Q: And the worst place to live?

A: I would say North America, because, though this idea that the revelation of an affair entails trouble.

Q: With some interesting exceptions. You wrote about the gender culture surrounding major league baseball players in North America. Why do they even put up with it?

A: I think part of it is that they feel that if they don't play along with the team's rules, they'll threaten their husbands, and their own, livelihood. The rules are part of the team's identity culture, and one rule is that never can't go to the back of the clubhouse to apologize the players travel on, that's a private zone where the players are allowed to fit with the stereotypes. Once they get to the hotel, where are absolutely not allowed to enter the hotel bar, which is the place where groups gather and even married players are allowed to do whatever they want. It gets to the point where the wives are so worried about saying something they're not supposed to say, that some of them decide that staying in an elevator with players and their managers, and just being the wall in the hallway is the best solution to achieve a level of privacy. The wives are allowed to have a vacation, because often men and women vacation separately, with their friends. They don't even really count as cheating, they're just considered among holiday flings.

Q: Do you have a favorite cheating story that didn't make it into the book?

A: I got the idea for the book because I was a foreign correspondent in Latin America, and I actually was as surprised by some foreign men. I was surprised by my own nation, which was, I'd have to say, pretty much. I was shocked, I learned the men in their responsibilities to their wives, and this was in me, which was so much of a surprise. I would say traveling around the world, talking to so many people, there's made me believe less in fidelity, but it's made me have less of a storybook idea of how men might go.

Q: You also write about the export of American rules about sex and TV. Given that affairs are a staple of American culture, why don't the American script show up in other countries?

A: The sexual culture of a country, I think, is influenced by so many local factors, anything from the price of real estate, to the ratio of men to women, to the history of a country that they perceived polygamy?

Q: What's next? How does the price of real estate affect infidelity?

A: Russia was an interesting place to visit, because even psychologists told me it was "obligatory" for people to have affairs in order

to have healthy marriages. Even those who were circumpect about affairs and who saw a harmless vice, like having an occasional drink. Part of the problem is how even like Moscow is that people often live in two-bed room apartments, with their in-laws in one bedroom and their partner and children in the other, and everyone's arguing while the neighbors and their in-laws are shouting in the hallway from that corner, psychologists said the best solution is to have a love. A lot of Russians have affairs on vacation, because often men and women vacation separately, with their friends. They don't even really count as cheating, they're just considered among holiday flings.

Q: Do you have a favorite cheating story that didn't make it into the book?

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welcome to the human network



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A. One person I didn't have a chance to include was a middle class brother in London. He was 39, married with two kids, and had been faithful to his wife until two years ago. She had a bad accident in a car. He was a man who was basically a great person, the way you would find a manager and supervisor at something, with his targets for the year. He wanted to work with black women, a Japanese woman, an Indian, and he wanted to be sure to have a thousand and one. He was very concerned that he had had the Japanese woman, but he had had the thousands and was pleased about that. ■

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WAR FOOTING

**The Tories new mantra:
talking tough means
you're ready for a fight**

BY AARON WHEAT • Sometime around 400 CE, Flavius Vegetius Renatus gave the world *Epitoma rei militaris*. He also wrote about veterinary medicine, but it was this book, a fleeting glimpse to Roman military tactics, which would be his legacy. For one

"As you know," Liberal leader Stéphane Dion half-joked, half lamented during a speech in Toronto last week, "I've been in a lot of commercials lately." Indeed, he'd barely started his new job last fall when he found himself the subject of a television ad that portrayed him as indecisive and whiny. Critics questioned the use of negative ads outside an election campaign, but the Tories pressed on. Last week, they released their latest commercial. "We solve the fiscal imbalance," it



The FCC gave the media a tour of their new campaign HQ to show they're prepared.

names is correct, leadership need of encouragement or justification would rely on the ancient trope. Never mind that Vegetius was, by most accounts, not much of a soldier himself.

So of course, speaking to a prominent Christian and friend of Stephen Harper recently, it does not take long for Vilaginas to come up "I think the overall philosophy is in the old Latin proverb *Si vis pacem, para bellum*," says Paolo Flanagan, the University of Calgary professor. "It means, 'If you want peace, prepare for war.' The passage of which Flanagan speaks goes on to say 'He who aspires to victory, should spare no pains to form his soldiers. And he who hopes for success, should fall on pretence, not chance.'"

Now, Vegetius throws around a lot of maxims—"Virtue is superior to numbers," for example—but there may be something to his maxims on peace-mongering. And it does seem to offer the best explanation yet as to why Canada's governing party is so prone to creating itself as such an aggressive and domineering ruler.

Harper budget helped Quebec move forward
 For Stephanie Deen still serves the province,
 the French ad said. "We can even wonder
 whether he'll try to take the money back at
 the first opportunity."

When Dads replied with his own radio ads, the Tories posted an item on their website under the headline: "Dad Flip Flops on Using Negative Ads." All this while the government was responding to newspaper ads from Newfoundlander Premo Denny Williams with still more "public service announcements"—proclaiming the promise had been "Misread" by the budget. "They're not negative. The ads are the negative fact of," says John Reynolds,

to chair of the last Conservative campaign

So, presumably, was the Conservative decision to send its journalists around their new 17,000-sq-ft campaign headquarters in Ottawa. "We've taken the high and easy step of opening this facility because Stephen Doss has put the country on notice," Environment Minister John Manley explained. "It's unlikely Cal will be able to go back to power as soon as possible." This was for all intents and purposes a sign-off from a party that in both a technical and a moral sense "won a surprise victory," a "joyous victory." In past campaigns, we always vigorously kept the media message on its part of the dependence policy. This time, however, Harper really didn't want an election. "His long-term strategy was to stay in power and demonstrate that there wasn't anything else to say. It's always said that the longer he stays in power, the better off he is."

But assuaging fears needn't require you play nice. Anything, Harper seems to believe, can be done at the more is Prime Minister. "We want his suggestions that Diefenbaker move for the Takhien from Canadian soldiers. "Yeah, he's combative," the Tary says. "But I don't think he does things just because he enjoys them. Everything he does is strategically thought through, so he wouldn't endline himself."

[illegible]

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 have so recently lost their lives in Afghanistan, to Canada and to
 all who would serve the cause of freedom, I rededicate this mag-
 nificently restored memorial."—The Queen, speaking at Honkō
 at Vimy Ridge

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Sun Life Financial

A seal hunter loses case to DFO 'sissies'

BY MICHAEL PRISICOLANTI • Eleven years ago, federal investigators ended a full-prosecution plan for the slaughter of Newfoundland and Labrador seal pups, including 57th state of the hauled ashore by a seasonal fisherman named Willy Shiner. All the targets were "blackback" — young hooded seals that are supposed to be of little or no value. The fish were certain they had a short-shank case, when charges were laid against dozens of local sealers, more agreed to plead guilty in exchange for immunity.

Against Shiner. He fought the allegations, arguing that the Department of Fisheries and Oceans simply sat back and watched while he and the others fished away during the unwhimpering of 1996. In fact, Shiner claimed that



HAPPY SEAL: The feds referred to give up prosecuting

DFO monitors were "tipped off" the hunters, steering them toward ice floes loaded with the most blackback. "That's where the money is," said one Fisheries official.

The feds refused to lend. When a lower court judge ruled with Shiner, prosecutors appealed. When the appeals court upheld the ruling, the Crown appealed yet again. Last month the government finally won. Newfoundland's Supreme Court found Shiner guilty, ruling that just because DFO did not enforce the no blackback rule before 1996, the law still existed and had to be obeyed.

"I really felt outraged on behalf of many, many Newfoundlanders," says David Baker, Shiner's lawyer. "It is the criminalization of the Newfoundland sealer." She is poverty-stricken. She knows why the fish refused to give up quietly. "They're afraid of the annual grays go up. They bend over backwards for them. They're afraid of seals," says one of the men, the Crown prosecutor by law, not by title. Baker plans to appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada. But even if her client wins, he won't get his 571 gold back. They were locked in storage for selling that they became puffed and mouldy five years ago, authorities tossed them in the trash. ■

Warning to low-hanging politicians

BY JOHN GERRARD • Imagine a Tory who won a seat on the last election by only a few votes. Who would such an MP want to be sure to fight, alongside the usual opposition rivals, to survive in the coming campaign? How about engaged, well-organized parents who accuse Ottawa of failing to ensure their children of essential medical care?

They might not seem like it yet, but this ongoing scenario faces certain newly elected Conservatives. Parents of autistic children plan to take aim at selected government MPs who agreed in last June by two per cent of the vote or less. And the most vulnerable MP of all could be the architect of the federal autism policy that has the parents so upset—Health Minister Tony Clement, who won his Ontario riding of Perry Sound-Mississauga last time by a mere 29 votes.

Autism groups are eager about revealing details of their plan of attack before an election is on. But one Ontario activist said blackback, "Clement is like a gear ready to drop from the tree." B.C.'s Families for Early Autism Treatment was active in a few closely fought B.C. ridings in 2006. Some of the group's core members, including director Jean Lewis, are scheduled to attend a meeting in Halifax on May 20 to discuss long-term tactics to force Lewis to quit. Come parents of autistic children.

But if Stephen Harper's majority falls before then, the B.C. Liberals plan to cancel their half-finished and make a campaign donor to Ottawa of up to two weeks. "We will certainly beat Perry Sound-Mississauga," Lewis said. The B.C. group and their allies demand federal action to extend medical coverage to full early autism treatment, which now cost \$25,000 a year for young children.

Some in the federal Liberal and Tory governments have said that doing what can be done is up to the provinces. Lewis says autism activists will back individual candidates who support their position, but not parties. "When the Liberals were in power," he said, "they were as pathetic as the Conservatives are now." ■

Not exactly Players, but they'll do

BY NICHOLAS HOEHLER • Alberta has banned the use of nicotine patches in its prisons after inmates invented ingenious, makeshift ways to use them. The patches are used to help smokers quit, but in the absence of cigarettes and matches, some lit



SIT BACK, relax and light up a nicotine patch

with burning ends of toilet paper or with a cigarette. They generated toxic fumes worse even than those from hand smoke used with tobacco, attacking the lungs of guards. The phenomenon, which began not long after tobacco was banned from Alberta prisons two years ago, shines a light on the electronic process of smokers, who have "a lot of constantly think up new ideas," says Doc Cardwell, a Calgary corrections officer and chair of the union local that agitated for the ban. Inmates sought their fix by wrapping nicotine-based adhesive from the patches and mixing the resulting paste with toilet, toilet orange peels or wet then turned into the solution and left to smolder before inmates rolled the toxic tobacco leaf—cigarettes called "ashcans"—in pages ripped from books. Drops from the bible were especially favoured for their "sweet, salty type of paper," says Cardwell.

Ten on confiscated items showed they produced a nicotine punch equivalent to 30 store-bought cigarettes, says Dennis Malysko, health and safety representative with the Alberta Union of Provincial Employees, who do a high in inmates but raises in their guards. The burning coils—from bible ink to toilet paper—were as well as the smoke from the toilet paper wicks, which prisoners kept hidden and continuously reusing, emitted a "sweet distinct smell" that left staff gagging far from says Cardwell, adding, "There is never a fire as it is still beyond." The Alberta Union of Provincial Employees had fought for two years to have the patches banned, filing 11 worker compensation claims. And yet the latest ban may be just a precursor to further invention, says Malysko. "I'm waiting for what they're going to be smoking next." ■

Sixth profile in a series of six.

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THREE MARRIAGES, ONE HUG PROBLEM

Giuliani leads the GOP pack, but does he have too much baggage?

BY BUDA ON SAVAGE • A senior campaign aide to former New York mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, who leads the polls in the race for the Republican presidential nomination, jotted down some concerns about the boss last fall. Next to "Problems that are inauspicious" the aide listed "bureaucracy," "press wars" (Demers), "his former bail bond partner 'Remy,'" his current wife "Judith," and the "bureaucratic inertia of the Giuliani office."

"[A]ll will come out—in worst light," the ad predicted. The previous notes, which have found their way into the pages of the New York Daily News and onto the Internet, also asked, "Does any of it cause INQ to lose his humor? Confidence? Demeanor today or? Drop out of race? Are there any other INQ stories of worry?" You there are—and the campaign is not acting scared.

The hard-charging former prosecutor who brought down Wall Street tycoons and mobsters, closed up New York City, and rolled a mitt in the wake of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, continues to cling to the top of the polls with about a third of GOP voters, more than 14 points ahead of Attorney General John McCarroll, and with former Mass. Governor Mitt Romney in the single digits. But while Coughlin, 62, presents a tempting choice, he is also risky—in a political, not a criminal, sense. A former mayor of a liberal city who supports gay rights and wants to get illegal immigrants into criminal

Campaigning last week in the God-fearing, early primary state of South Carolina, Clinton confessed that he supports the bill funding for abortion, proceeds on one local pundit to declare him "base." It probably won't be the last time he offends the Christian base. Can he withstand closer scrutiny from Republican primary voters, who tend to be more conservative? "His life is in peril, and there is a lot of tape of him being a northernist. Would," Joseph Antonucci, a New York Democratic political consultant, told *Madison's*

GILFANE at a Las Vegas Target store in late March (top), with wife Judith Nathan (middle), and with Bush at a 2004 rally

self in a *Washingtonian* article, reportedly compiled among the 13 letters he cast around in New York City. Like professes his admiration for Ronald Reagan, in whose Justice Department he reached the rank of No. 3. And he promises opponents of abortion and gay rights that if elected, his Supreme Court appointments would be just as conservative as George W. Bush's. The trouble is, during his time as mayor, Giuliani appointed openly homophobic Democratic and liberal judges, and today's office of the International Association of Lesbians and Gay Judges, and some of the who sided against a San Diego ban on alcohol sales.

Thus far it is his personal life, which fails to reflect some of the family values espoused by the nation's church, a second concern, was articulated by the Catholic Church. After chastising him in his second wife, TV personality Donna Flanaver, he informed her, via a televised news conference, that he was ending the marriage. His son doesn't talk to him. His child-wife, Judith Nofziger, is also on her third marriage—bearing their shared child to sex "divorce" on amoxicillin "in law the head of police at the Southern Baptist Convention, Richard Land, put it, calling Giuliani a "tough sell."

[illegible]

Critters has asked voters to judge his entire record. "They have to look at the things I've done that are successful, and the mistakes

they think I've made," he said. The things done right boil down to two: persisting over the transformation of New York City from a murder haven to a family destination, and becoming "America's Mayor" on Sept. 11—a leadership performance that nearly tripled his sagging ratings on his final term and just hours after he took

Gratulis likes to say that when he took office in 1995, the city was enduring some 2,000 murders each year, and when he left, crime was down by half and homicide by two-thirds. No-one disputes that the police chief he hired and the policies he championed worked. But Americans came to question his judgment after it emerged that his long-time associate, Bernard Kerik, whom Gratulis recommended to President George W. Bush as



Even New York's firefighters have turned against him

2004 for the post of secretary of homeland security, had a past checkered with major civil rights and even crime

Kerik, a veteran cop, began as Clinton's driver and bodyguard, rose to be police commissioner by 9/11, and later became Giuliani's business partner. During the White House years, however, though, it emerged that Kerik had, among other things, accepted \$250,000 worth of renovations to his home from a company with alleged ties to organized crime that was trying to do business with city hall. He also had questionable financial dealings, and carried on a romantic affair in an apartment not wide for the use of members of Congress.

Zoro: Karik has since pleaded guilty to taking improper gifts, and is facing several other investigations. Glad we first learned he had not known about Karik's issues before suggesting his name to Bush. But he later sold a grand jury that he had been briefed about some of the problems, and simply forgot

Even Clinton's role in 9/11 is intriguing enough. The International Association of Fire Fighters, a 760,000-strong union, is about to release a video featuring NBC firefighter rescuing him of making donations that led to the deaths of his colleagues—and of apparently trying to get that down the search for their remains. "I'm losing his courage on the foundation of 9/11, and we suggest it's a pretty silly foundation," arson proponent Harold Schindlerberger told *MarketWatch*. Firefighters' corpses, among other things, that in 1993 Gaffney had the city's emergency agencies never located in the World Trade Center, despite having been warned by report not to do so after the 1993 terrorist bombing of the building. He also argued warnings that police and firefighters needed appropriate documentation—firefighters that 9/11's fire colleagues did understand—before they could make any serious rescue attempts. "I'm not sure if I'm being a little cynical or not," says Clinton's "fire" lawyer, Gaffney. But he certainly is failed states to credit them the efforts to remove remains at Ground Zero in order to clear the site for development. "To the extent that the general public is interested in what Study Club does really, we are going to certainly tell the story," and Schindlerberger.

So, Goldfarb's all numbers are withdrawing the criticism, but this may be less a reflection of the strength than the disaffiliation with other coalition. Goldfarb's support isn't very deep. The problem will come if someone new comes into the race and emerges rapidly," said Monahan. Challenges could come from former senator and law of O'Leary actor Fred Thompson, or former House speaker Newt Gingrich, or even current New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg. After all, the Republican convention wasn't a year and a half ago. "I suppose it's hardly to say this, but right now we're increasing name recognition," said the director of Queensbury University Polling Institute, Michael Carroll. "And we're increasing it too early."



GRUANI at a Las Vegas Target store in March (top), with wife Judith Nathan (middle), and with Rush as a 2004 roll

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INDIA: GETTING OVER CRICKET ANGST

villagers in the north are banding together to pull on a cord to local turmoil over the defeat of India's national cricket team at the hands of first Bangladesh and then Sri Lanka. Savarna warriors of rare anti-caste sentiment over the widely popular sport prompted a Jai village in Jharkhand to outlaw the playing of what one official calls a "lower" and "unintelligent sport." Anyone caught playing cricket or even watching it on television will face entrenchment.



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From the
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Argentine teachers on the march

BY HARVEY MACDONALD • Argentina was loudly brought to its knees by strikes this week as 16,000 teachers, human rights activists and labour groups marched in Buenos Aires and other cities, throwing down school bags to centre-left President Néstor Kirchner ahead of the country's October presidential election. Schools were closed, banks shuttered in the capital, home to nearly a third of the population.

Education complaints that include pay increases of 14 per cent have not kept pace with double-digit inflation. They are also demanding justice for a slain colleague, Carlos Fuentealba, a 41-year-old father and high school teacher killed by a sniper gunner in earlier protests. Daring when work stopped, teachers led the march on the capital, carrying letters that spelled out "Nuestra Misa" — "Never again."

Mosvill Cáceres, professor of political science and an authority on Latin America at the University of British Columbia, says Argentine politics are notoriously convoluted with human life. "We teach protests are symptomatic of wider economic unease," says Ariel Hara, a Latin American specialist at Simon Fraser University, noting there have been regular demonstrations since the country's catastrophic financial crisis of 2001. Although the economy has stabilized in the five years since then — growth was 8.5 per cent in 2006, and projected to rise five per cent in 2007 — the job of the average worker has improved little, says Hara. And these growth figures compensate for the gross contraction of 2001, says SFU professor Eric Hershberg, vice-president of the Latin American Studies Association, unemployment remains "extremely high" and a large segment of the population lives in poverty. Public sector workers, particularly teachers, are rarely widely dissatisfied. As in Peru, Colombia and Ecuador, their unions have grown increasingly militant. "Tensions of this sort, between government and public sector unions, have become a recognizable feature of contemporary political life in Latin America," says Hershberg. ■



Never again, they said, after one protester was killed

How to cheat the system, by Gordon Brown

BY PATRICIA TREBLE • Britain's chancellor of the exchequer has carefully cultivated a reputation for fiscal prudence in his long quest to become prime minister when Tony Blair steps down to retire this summer. Yet a 100-page booklet by Gordon Brown dated at Birmingham University's student centre in the '70s suggests a dodgier approach to budgets in the past. Brown's dossier, made public Saturday, showed young people how to "use and abuse" Britain's welfare state so they can live like "parasites" on the "free money" they'd get from social security benefits. There was practical advice on how to "score" free food out of college canteens by masquerading as students, and even how to sneak past hotel security to take a hot bath.

The youthful lingo dated the words least likely to have been in his Brown in the past few years. In late March, the government's former top cop, Lord Turnbull, unveiled the Labour politician on the eve of a plan budget by unveiling that the chancellor, who admitted a "British revolution," held his cabinet colleagues in "more or less complete contempt." (Last fall, former home secretary Charles Clarke warned that Brown was a "control freak" who had psychological issues.) Then, in early April, the Sunday Times reported that while preparing for his inaugural 1997 budget, Brown ignored warnings of dire consequences of his £12 billion annual raid on British pension plans. Now many of the funds are in trouble and millions, living largely on record benefits, blame Brown for exacerbating the situation.



The chancellor is now coming under fire from all sides

With the Conservatives ahead in the polls, an "anyone but Gordon Brown" movement is growing within the party with the powerful home secretary, John Reid, indicating he'll run if another strong challenger doesn't step forward. But it's unclear if anyone can stop Brown from moving into 10 Downing St. ■

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AN UNSETTLING ORANGE JUMPSUIT

Different case, but were they thinking 'That's me if it all goes wrong'?



MARK STEYN

It's a small courtroom and it's full of lawyers. There of the defendants are lawyers, and also their lawyers are lawyers, and, once with lawyers talking doggerel every such of the wall of the court (the courtroom) decided to tell with the first code, the lawyers are spilling out all over what's left. They're not just hanging from the light fixtures, but also on the public benches. I sit behind the government lawyer who isn't big enough to rise the A-list government lawyer table, but last week I finally sit behind the famous government lawyer, Patrick Fitzgerald, who was given by law in time to catch his boy's "witness giving a collectively disastrous performance and decided after 20 minutes he'd had enough."

There are lawyers from many lands. There are lawyers from and present. I see a group of this week's leading video depositions of members of Halligan's Toronto law firm who'd declined to appear in person. They make themselves again lawyers dancing as TV "legal analysts," and some days a government lawyer from another case the U.S. attorneys are working on comes and his role is to put for a look ("What is this case about?") he asked me after listening to his colleagues working the room for half an hour. For the first week, a behind-the-scenes from London under orders to get the most scoop on Conrad Black's daughter kept nodding toward some dark suit and balding African and demanding to know "Is this her boyfriend?"

"No," I said. "This is a lawyer." I'm not sure Miss Black's boss, as I had an interview once over Black's boss's front. The next morning, another lawyer type would be either "No," I said. "This is a lawyer."

But on Monday morning, amid all the chatter and very obvious, there was a striking break in the colour scheme at the wall of the court. Orange. It was being worn by a young black man in a prison garb. His lawyer

had brought some or other man before the judge and we saw hearing it in the 10 minutes before the Black trial resumed. The defendant's response to the prosecutor with a look of surprise, but some of the courtroom was in fact thinking that's me if it all goes wrong. Fitted as for the orange jumpsuit.

In Canada, where you can run down the PM's meeting, get a side service and be out in 10 minutes, was a woman finally heard from, preferred the American press. But even the most minor player with the former charges against him, Peter Hain, is looking at 35 years in the U.S. prison. As it happens, during my own days as a Halligan columnist, it was Peter who drew up our contract, and I can't quite believe that a day who in my limited dealings with him always struck me as a by-the-book Toronto lawyer could be spending a third of a century such of the border in federal penitentiary just for a couple of ill-advised "non-competitive" payments. And although the guy who got operated with the post-Black investigation. He was described to me as a "black man" as a "black man," as he played his, returned the money, and was kept or by the court reporter as Halligan as a "prosecutor." And a bit of good in his line—unless you look back being on the basis.

For a mere 16 years in contrast to the 301. Conrad's father is such a small deal when I was 38 years old.

I was on a Chicago radio show the other morning and, as I was leaving, one of the hosts said how I thought the trial would end. "Acquitted," I declared confidently. "Oh, you guys," she said, and then she said: "That's what he said about some other [likely] Patrick Fitzgerald's law depositions." I was a prosecutor, and one that conducted very successfully from his point of view.

Okay, when I say "acquitted," all I mean is

I think that's how this courtroom case ought to end if there's any what's the word?—the U.S. Justice system is not especially attentive in close quarters and its revealing appearance for plea bargains and immunity agreements all but ensure a capitulation to its judgment. As professor John Langbein of Yale Law School has written:

"Our formal law of trial envisages a division of responsibility. We expect the prosecutor to make the charging decision, the judge and especially the jury to adjudicate, and the judge to set the sentence. Plea bargaining merges these accessory, determinative, and transactional phases of procedure in the hands of the prosecutor."

Just so. It's not simply about the relatively minor players who are offered immunity to testify for the government but about the flip side: those who can offer exculpatory evidence for the defendants' case and so are leaned on by prosecutors in order to stay

JUSTICE IN CHARGE: Capone (center), 1935; top left, Black



away. There was a lot of this in the Brown case, a lot of people who were just in charge of black but were not on their own. They were to play their parts in a premeditated federal narrative: the government took a schizophrenic turn to a peripheral figure called James O'Leary and got him banged up for 24 years (indeed, after what amounted to six) for a no-reason other than (as the Wall Street Journal put it) their "inactivity on his night as a jury trial." The result is a larger Black game in which the coach of one team has huge powers over who gets to play for 3

the other players. It's more clear that Mark O'Leary, the Indian American on trial in an anti-racist case, is a Canadian, that is, a punishment for declining to come over to the U.S. "witness" side. On the other hand, there is a man called Todd Voss, who was known as Halligan or "the son David Radner never had" and whose name crops up time and again in these transactions. He's somewhere up in B.C. declining to appear in Chicago, and that sets the government just fine.



"Well, because 'obscurity' and 'under current' and all the rest of them to put the name by a number decade or there, and that was the square on Black to copy a plea and order for an *Admission* before the court. At least two former prime ministers are mentioned among the cocktail waiters telling folk who don't know. Conrad rejected a plea bargain that would have required him to serve seven years. But that's missing the point: Black is fighting for his reputation, and including the sentence wouldn't reduce the loss that pains him most.

For the last few weeks, I have assumed the government must have something more

powerful as well as using the trial in the course of a crime as its contained criminal act. And then there's "abstraction of justice," according to the indictment, "in December 2004, a Canadian court ordered that no documents could be reviewed without court permission from the 10 Toronto offices," yet Black went ahead and removed several boxes from the building, on caught on closed-circuit security cameras. Why is the U.S. Department of Justice bringing a charge deriving entirely from a Canadian court order against a Canadian-born British man in relation to a Canadian business practices at Toronto St., Toronto, Ont? Why are they that disturbed in a laughable jurisdictional overreach?

Well, because "obscurity" and "under current" and all the rest of them to put the name by a number decade or there, and that was the square on Black to copy a plea and order for an *Admission* before the court. At least two former prime ministers are mentioned among the cocktail waiters telling folk who don't know. Conrad rejected a plea bargain that would have required him to serve seven years. But that's missing the point: Black is fighting for his reputation, and including the sentence wouldn't reduce the loss that pains him most.

For the last few weeks, I have assumed the government must have something more

"IS THAT HER BOYFRIEND?" THE LONDON HACKETTE DEMANDS TO KNOW

But even by the defense's standards of a system built by class-watching prosecutors this trial is insane. Conrad Black charged under the RICO statute. That's the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, which is part of the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970. According to its own drivers, the statute RICO may or may not be an allusion to Edward G. Robinson's character in the 1930s Warner Bros. film *The Public Enemy*. But you get the picture: it was created for mobsters, gangland kingpins, hit men who have criminal witnesses, hit men. It seems unlikely Congress intended it to be applied to weighing a form of executive compensation that has been in Canada. Here's the evolution of Capone justice in a nutshell: Al Capone was a mobster they made him too much; Lord Black (if we accept the government's case) is a mobster they're making it a mobster. To charge Black as a mobster reflects badly not on him but on American justice.

What else is there? Well, I said, we find, the usual public-balance by which doing something perfectly routine in the course of a crime is used transformed into a crime—in this case, using the post office or the bank

to file goes by and the government's 50 percent by very narrow case overbidding is derived from the emergency or "terrorism" —a fighting man's complex payment, 75 percent in Halligan's indictment in Chicago, 25 percent to Halligan in Toronto. This week, one defense attorney quoted Fred Cherny, Halligan's congressional witness, about the 1930s Warner Bros. film *The Public Enemy*. But you get the picture: it was created for mobsters, gangland kingpins, hit men who have criminal witnesses, hit men. It seems unlikely Congress intended it to be applied to weighing a form of executive compensation that has been in Canada. Here's the evolution of Capone justice in a nutshell: Al Capone was a mobster they made him too much; Lord Black (if we accept the government's case) is a mobster they're making it a mobster. To charge Black as a mobster reflects badly not on him but on American justice.

The government insists that the ownership of a hydro-electric company enterprise is full of dirt, cold, dark black and white lies. So, this, you're in the clear; you do that, it's a crime, and read, read,

and read again. But, as dozens of accountancy readers email me each day, accounting in principle isn't it's about whether you're doing it as a 100 mile race but about negotiating the road in accordance with "generally accepted" codes. To judge from the paperwork of the CIOs and CIOs and outside auditors and related party transactions lawyers, the division of the two cases seems to have complied with Generally Accepted Accounting Principles. In rejecting "generally accepted" principles and demanding any use of your law, the prosecution are doing American capitalism no favour and are making the criminalization of business all too inevitable. This would not have been a criminal trial in most parts of the English-speaking world. If this has to be decided in court, a civil case does a better job of showing the different facts and allocating the division of responsibility between the cause people whose fingerprints are all over the non-complex.

But my job on the radio is right now is to go to the jury anything could happen. I'm told by experts that if it's all just shades of murky grey—dark grey, according to the prosecutors, but pulled back to light grey on cross-examination—the jury get bored at the responsible technocracy and vote to acquit. So the fastest route to conviction is to connect up the murky influences with

corruption extent: a) There's something funny going on in the bookkeeping

ing, this or isn't quite explain, b) But he's throwing a lavish party for his wife, c) So that explains it.

In a quiet moment in the other day, Conrad Black and I were talking about his fascinating memoir book and I wondered whether he was going to mention what the prosecution and I've mentioned "terrorism" two governments," he said. "Nonsense claims two persons. No, don't tell me." "It's got to be. Condon. Couldly catch enough and after a clear or inadvertently produced the second one. Conrad's answer: Conrad on Conrad would be worth reading, but I think his next book should be on what's killing the U.S. justice system and what it's doing by itself. Whether it's a better self-written by a felon or a stand-out man, I have to live again. W



HOSPITAL STRIKES OUT ON FIRST BALL
After U.S. veteran Benjamin Houghton entered the West Los Angeles VA Medical Center to have a possibly cancerous testis removed, he was horrified to find surgeons removed the wrong one. "He had thought it was a tumor," Houghton says. "They told them, 'What do you want?'" Houghton is suing the hospital for US\$200,000 for future care and unspecified damages.

REVENGE OF THE CONSPIRER

Undermining David Radler's credibility is harder than it sounds

BY STEVE MACE • David Radler is a liar. The two sides in Conrad Black's ongoing criminal trial don't agree as much, but they agree that the man who was Black's right hand for more than 30 years is an accomplished dissembler of the first degree. But even the most accomplished liars have to tell the truth sometimes. The trick is figuring out what and when to believe.

The prosecution says Radler had repeat cycles of behavior: lashed out after too many signs of Hollinger International, its former parent company, sank accounts as desperate as clueless shareholders, and that he had chosen to tell the truth now because he was tired. Caught in a litany of incidents, his only angle was to plead guilty and mitigate the consequences by testifying against his longtime partner. The defense, on the other hand, says he's lying now to escape blame, to save his own skin, and perhaps to surely a malignance psychosis that has fixated for years beneath the surface of his twisted deep mind.

The first two weeks of Black's trial in Chicago only nibbled around the edges of all this. Radler's name came up a couple of times, and defense lawyers took the opportunity to point him in a convincing way. But mostly the focus was on ancient details of old newspaper accounts and on parsing the specifics of a few controversial episodes. Intoxicating backstage, perhaps even fodder for debate at N.B.A. schools, but it left many wondering what prosecutors were going to get around to in the part where somebody actually commits a crime.

This match is clear: Conrad Black's trial is not about David Radler, as tips to French Polynesia. Nor is it about who asked for what clause in which newspaper sale. All of the critical questions revolve around David Radler. And this one stands first and foremost: was the testimony of this admitted liar credible Black and would he be proven for the rest of his life? Put another way: if Radler is respon-

sible for the fraud that devastated the core party, is the defense case, in Black still responsible for Radler's?

On the surface, it's a relatively simple legal question. The answer is no. "It's not enough to say that Radler was Black's guy, and Radler committed a crime, and therefore Black is guilty," says Sam Bucci, a former prosecutor in the Kansas trial who is now a professor of law at Washington University. "You have to establish that Black at least knew it, or even helped carry it out, as an aid or abettor."

Black's team has staked out the position that Radler was essentially an independent operator within the Hollinger empire. He was responsible for Western Canada and the United States, while Black focused on Europe, Asia and Europe. On paper, it's a strong defense. But the law that governs among 12 laypeople behind the closed doors of a jury room is not always as it seems in the books, and that's where things go awry.

High Stakes, a vintage Chicago litigator and co-counsel with the firm Perkins Coie, thinks the strategy is "absurd." "It's an effort saying Radler was off on a 30-year hole and detain. That just doesn't make any sense," he says. "Conrad Black was a guy who operated on a 24-hour clock. His own attorney said his life was his work and his work was his life. For him to say that he wasn't aware of the details of these huge transactions, where huge chunks of the company he built were being sold off, and he benefited directly by those sales, I think that stretches the imagination too to believe."

It would have been for better if Black's team could have gone to Chicago and claimed that no crime ever took place. That would have challenged the prosecution to prove that Hollinger's problems went beyond bad judgment or a slip-up, that there was a conscious effort by Black and others to steal. If all the top executives had maintained a unified front, they could have all credibly claimed amnesia, "but even that wouldn't have been enough, it's a pretty difficult sell to claim that an entire giant went wrong," says Jack Chalk, a professor of law at the University of Arizona and an expert on corporate crime trials. "Radler's guilty plea



is a very credible demonstration there was, in fact, a fraud." And so, the defense must try to shift blame.

Black's problems are compounded by the fact that he appears to have been a beneficiary of the crime for which Radler has agreed to go to jail. That leaves Black's lawyers in the uncomfortable position of distancing their client from a man who was one of his closest confidants and most trusted associates. It's a maneuver with several obvious weaknesses, says Bucci. "The prosecution will simply point out it was Conrad Black who hired this guy. It was Conrad Black who promoted him. It was Conrad Black who made him a consultant and an advisor on the course of years and years. Now he's turning around and saying that he's a disinterested person, and that's simply unbelievable. But with the guy being with everything he did with the guy before he was charged with a crime."

The only thing that the defense is to open up as a weakening assault on Radler's credibility—and it has already begun. One witness testifying about a sale of newspapers in the late 1990s has already described an episode in which Radler, allegedly by higher pressure (he alleges) blew up a false story. "I've been warning my f---ing team," he fumed, and stormed out of the room, retreating a short while later. The lawyer for an indignant Black Wigman asked the witness whether he considered Radler a good actor. The prosecution objected to the question, but the point stands.



RADLER with Peter Atkinson (above) has a net worth of \$2.7 million.

and it's untenable. In a fight that may well come down to whether or not the jury believes what Radler has to say, every little bit of his disavowal is critically important.

In the end, lawyers say the case is likely to turn on assessment judgments by 12 people, deciding what conditions right and wrong in a corporate world they've never known have shown, it's not necessary for prosecutors to produce written "smoking gun" evidence of conspiracy. Even the slightest shred

of circumstantial evidence linking top executives to a crime can be enough to win a conviction. When Bernie Ebbers, the former CEO of WorldCom, went on trial in 2005, his chief financial officer Scott Sullivan struck a plea deal and testified against his old boss. Sullivan said he was never explicitly told to do anything wrong, but that Ebbers had repeatedly said he was running WorldCom "like a mob." Sullivan said he was never explicitly told to do anything wrong, but that Ebbers had repeatedly said he was running WorldCom "like a mob." Sullivan said he was never explicitly told to do anything wrong, but that Ebbers had repeatedly said he was running WorldCom "like a mob."

They'll focus on the fact that he's changed his story, but everybody has before they come," he says. Most expect the questioning to go on for several days at least. And in the course of that cross examination there is a question that the jury may well have to consider: why did Radler break ranks with Black and the other three defendants? It really wasn't over a troubled conscience if the evidence to for any substance, there might never have been an indictment had all the executives stuck together. Perhaps he flipped because he had more to lose than anyone else.

When Hollinger began to crumble in early 2004, four years ago, Radler had already begun to expand his personal business empire. He is still CEO of Horizon Publications, a private company that runs about 60 small, profitable newspapers in Canada and the U.S.—including such titles as the *Los Angeles Times*—many of them purchased from Hollinger in the late 1990s. And he owns the company's stock, worth well over \$100 million. Black and Radler were partners in Horizon until Black sold his share last year. The two haven't spoken in two years, but

there are still some strong connections—each holds a 25 percent stake in Black First Publications, another private company that oper-

ates a few small, profitable papers in the northeastern U.S. Radler's also known to have been a 25-percent owner of a Vancouver newspaper, Black, Sullivan Partners, though the company declined to say whether Radler is still involved. More recently, a company headed by his daughter Melanie Radler called RSM Operations bought a small chain of newspapers in the U.S. East Coast for about \$100 million. It's widely assumed that Radler's client is involved in this deal, too. He's also still got his two massive houses—one on Marine Drive in Vancouver, with an assessed value of \$7 million, and one in Palm Desert, Calif., assessed at \$10.2 million.

Radler's trust must mark of the major civil suits against him, by paying out just over \$100 million in settlements to his former company and various creditors. He has agreed to a 28-month prison term as part of his plea agreement. But at the end of it all, Radler will be in a position to spend his golden years preying over the available remains of his business empire, and to able an considerable wealth to the next generation. If the price of that outcome is to be forever labeled a liar, then so be it. The final act for Conrad Black is far less certain—perhaps *Paradise* bargain was never available to him. ■

WHEN THIS IS OVER, RADLER WILL SPEND HIS GOLDEN YEARS LEADING A STILL-SIZABLE BUSINESS EMPIRE

OUT LIKE A LAMB

Issy Sharp made Four Seasons Canada's finest brand. Now it's gone.



PETER C. NEWMAN

"Whether Mr. Sharp is Jewish or not Jewish, that's the least of my concerns..." The voice on the satellite phone was seemingly clear given it was travelling from an extremely inconvenient out of Riyadh, though perhaps that's not surprising—the offer had his own assets. When you are His Royal Highness Abdullah bin Talal bin Abdul Aziz Al Saud, the billionaire grandson of King Abdul Aziz, Saudi Arabia's founder, and businessman are rarely an issue.

The year was 1994, and Issy Sharp, who had worked odd contracts in his four Seasons 74-room hotel chain, was in deep dog-day. His accumulated resources had cut deep into his room occupancy rates. His only chance of building on to the company was to find an investor willing to buy a 25 per cent interest without threatening Issy's control of his empire. That seemed an impossible dream.

The day I connected with the prince to discover why he would sign such an unlikely deal, he told me that he was enjoying a feast with the Almans as his reward of reward. Issy had been out there, some breakfasting silver-haired Cal. He, who joined him for regular company. This, he explained, was the same he set aside for Issy, which was his way of interacting with his people, "to see what their needs are, and to fulfill them." They lived up, a handful as a time, dining and being, trying to make his money and his cash.

As far as I know, Issy Sharp wasn't in the know about the prince, and Issy, a Saudi Muslim, who owned the corporate ownership position of a few "for me," the prince's voice returned across half the world. "There is nothing unusual about a Jewish businessman dealing with a Muslim king, it is not on the table. But since you say, I must say that I really admire Issy. I would either hotel investments and it's the best."

The two men had first met that spring, about the prince's personal yacht, Kingdom, off Cannes, in southern France. Sharp recalled how impressed he was with that floating 300-foot behemoth. (It wasn't the prince's only intelligence. At the time, he also owned 100

cars, a fleet of jets that included a 45-seat Boeing 767, and was piloting another 317-room palace.)

The prince explained that the deal (which cost him \$334 million) was accomplished by issuing a new class of shares that guaranteed Issy's control. "I decided to take a longer-term view," he pragmatically told me. "I realized that Four Seasons with Sharp was worth a lot more than Four Seasons without him, as I took a look at his view."

It was the buy of the century. The shares he then purchased for US\$14.50—at a 50 per cent premium over the market price—had risen to US\$42 by last week, when the price, along with 1000 Cdn, snapped up to per cent.



BILL GATES and Saudi Prince Abdullah bin Talal now control the Four Seasons hotel chain.

of the luxury hotel chain's assets. (Gates, who lives in Seattle, is larger than most Four Seasons hotels, being a company best known for its investments in Microsoft Works.)

As part of the US\$1.4-billion Four Seasons deal, Sharp was paid \$200-million in long-term assets and returned around 20 per cent of the equity. But the transaction got stuck in a series of approvals for the firm's private equity required approval from its own private equity shareholders, who were supposed to have been taken for granted since they were being offered nearly US\$100 a share over market value, and the sale with a parable, 33.85 per cent per year.



SEXY GEEKS CAME WITH BONUS FEATURE

Three Japanese officers are under investigation for swiping pornography using computer code. It's not the content but the method—this is the last secret data about Japan's Army research that the officers have copied from one another's computers. One officer has told police he copied e-mails from a computer belonging to a crew member on a desk, and that data about the order system got downloaded by mistake.

Because many of these investors were Canadian, I like to think that they were young against the deal, if not with their hearts, at least with their gut. The sale of this jewel of a company has eliminated the nationality of this country's most respected luxury brand from the global marketplace. Also, since it's a good business.

Why isn't he held in our corporate treasure? How can we go as a country to be players in the global economy when we have no development participants? The lifeblood of the international marketplace is investment capital. Money must be in a way to create in the marketplace with consistently shifting ownership. But since it, such a valuable expression of Canadian quality should not be allowed to vanish without a trace of its origin.

Sharp built his first hotel in 1961 on Toronto's Jarvis Street, then the away dream of the city's leaders. His night security man

When a great house is a sign of trouble

BY JOHN EYRE • Here's a stock tip that your financial adviser isn't going to tell you: if the chief executive goes out and buys a truly big house, sell your shares in the com-



A new study shows when a CEO builds a mansion, his stock suffers

pany—find. According to newly published research, a company's performance drops off substantially when the chief executive moves into an extremely large, high-priced home.

By combing through real estate records, New York University's David Yermack and Crocker Law of Arizona State University compiled a list of the personal residences of 450 CEOs in the Standard & Poor's 500 index. The study of companies whose CEOs lived in more expensive than average homes by executive standards that carried a price tag of US\$1.1 million or more—5.4 per cent of firms in 2005, on average, thus firms whose CEOs lived in mansions. CEOs from the largest firms (earning at least \$100 million in sales or at least 30 days of land) were on average more modestly concerned by 6.9 percentage points. And of the 164 CEOs who bought new homes after climbing to the top rung, the poorest performers were—no guess—those in the largest homes.

Furthermore, if the boss will settle off his company's shares to buy the house, the new palace—in the case for 32 per cent of the executives—the company's stock performed worse in the six months following compared to those whose deals didn't include a sale.

While none would say a high house purchase is a sign of overcommitment to the firm, the authors (who unfortunately don't name names in their working paper) argue that it indicates "entrenchment," which results in an exaggerated sense of job security and complacency. It seems the boss becomes more interested in building tennis courts on his estate than, say, meeting profit targets. ■

U of Toronto flunks out of Investing 101

BY JASON KIRBY • Who says universities don't offer hands-on instruction? Students at the University of Toronto who dominated the school sell off its investments in tobacco companies have learned that it's possible to bend a multi-billion dollar investment fund to their will. The bigger lesson may come later, in U of T's struggle with the implications of caring in its student presence.

According to a study group called E. BUTT, U of T President David Naylor has asked University of Toronto Asset Management, which oversees the school's pension funds, endowment and scholarships, to sell any tobacco stocks. The money manager has already sold off its direct holdings in two companies, Altria Group and Lorillard. The list, says "Tobacco," will be diversified soon. E. BUTT head Tyler Ward hailed the president's decision as "a monumental step forward," while Robert Strasser, a U of T spokesman, said the school encourages students to "take the lead and that is a good example."

But any student of Economics 101 knows the risks of political decisions: the length of the school's Special Investments fund, which oversees investment decisions. Socially responsible investment strategy is fine, but who sets the criteria? Strasser said that was a unique situation, adding the students gathered 300 signatures from a mix of U of T students, were over a year and then the president.

But with 61,000 students, 3,000 staff and 370,000 shares, other groups could easily



No more tobacco stocks, but what about other ethical dilemmas?

meet that first hurdle if they elect to the school's investments. The group Global Warming Awareness may ask U of T's U of T's in Katoomba, while human rights activists at Investing in Integrity would argue for leaving the school's portfolio to Human Rights. It will be up to Naylor to say if the school is ready and another—what if the supply of tobacco is scarce when we have to be sold? ■

Another rival takes aim at iPod's crown

COLIN CAMPBELL • The term "iPod Killer" has lately become synonymous with the word "dead." Many companies have tried to defeat Apple's ubiquitous iPod, all have failed. Apple holds over 70 per cent of the market for MP3 digital music players and its new announcement it has sold 100 million of the family line devices since they were launched in 2004.

So it's perhaps not surprising that Internet giant Yahoo! has entered the MP3 market with less fanfare and fanfare than past tech challenges. Last week, the company, in partnership with SanDisk Corp. (the No. 1 maker of MP3 players), quietly released the Sansa Connect. Like before, the device offers the same old iPod's sleek design, but Yahoo! and SanDisk hope they'll succeed where others have failed by going deeper into the ability to only download music through wireless Internet connections.

It might seem as an enviable combination, but it's not exactly new. Microsoft included wireless music sharing features with its Zune MP3 player. The result, following a massive marketing campaign, was an equally massive flop. The Zune sold well for a few weeks following its debut last November, but now follows sales of two per cent market share—on a platform warning to new entrants who figure iPod's popularity has peaked. While the MP3 market is still growing, points are falling and new technology music players are grabbing attention.

Nonetheless "there is no preparation for a very competitive marketplace," says Mark Halar, a senior account manager with the market research firm NPD Group.

One secret to Apple's dominance is its marketing. With Apple's popular iTunes music store—something Microsoft has had, but so far failed to duplicate—Yahoo! may have more success licensing its internet presence. The Sansa Connect will pair wireless not only with Yahoo! online music store, but with other services, like its photo sharing and Internet radio service. Industry watchers say the device may represent the strongest challenge yet to Apple's ascendancy. But then, we've heard that story before. ■



Sansa Connect is the latest challenger to Apple's iPod

haid-on. That's when I started building my tension," Langhin had noticed a man with the low smile he was a stranger—at 18, he got 90 days' jail time for assaulting his four-year-old sister, within a year, while still on probation, he abused two boys under eight and was sentenced to 21 months behind bars. His sought treatment and avoided doing it with a woman who already had two young children "I believed in treatment but it didn't work," he says. "Well, actually it worked, but I chose not to follow it. It made the wrong choice."

He had discovered that the Internet provided the child sexual offender with the "three A's": he needs to have *Access*, *Acceptance*, and *anonymity*. Together the Internet's possibilities propelled Langhin, in they do so many other child abusers, to places he might never otherwise have reached. "Every thing that happens on the Internet is the 'X factor,' occurring in all ways and not just in numbers," says Doug Osterhouse, the chief of the Child Exploitation and Obscenity Sec-

the anonymous abuse a series of racist rants named through a powerful file sharing software called WinMX.

WinMX was one of the most robust and popular peer-to-peer programs that allowed Internet parties to easily trade music, videos, and chat. The crackdown on illegal downloads by the recording industry led the company that made WinMX to shut down its official Web page, but an ardent group of supporters kept it going, building patches and improvements and effectively driving the program to the dark fringes of the Web to the hundreds of "newbie" hosted and controlled by secretive administrators. WinMX could do anything as they wanted. In each room, you could see what other members had moved on their shared folders on their hard drives, select what you wanted and download it.

"Oh my god, I just went berserk," Langhin says of when he first discovered WinMX. He had seen plenty of pictures of child

as what I loved far. It was my ultimate glory."

Feeling the case now had personal ties to his work, the 40-minute download contained the RCMP's still-building National Child Exploitation Coordination Centre (NCECC). Over the summer, WinMX continued his meetings with Langhin, but he was growing increasingly concerned that the link needed to be followed quickly. On Sept. 8, he decided to move on his own to test how well Langhin's allegations were. He didn't say that he would often meet his friends in the WinMX room, then exchange live video feeds through Yahoo! or MSN instant chat. At the top of Langhin's Yahoo! buddy list, WinMX found the username AJ9972.

Why is this contact name familiar? he asked himself.

Then he remembered that in Langhin's collection had been numerous files labelled "aj9972@chuggart", "aj9972@chuggart2" and so on. "When I was in a break, he realized the gaffs those pictures were associated with

'MY HEART IS POUNDING. I'M THINKING, I CAN'T DO THIS. I WASN'T LOOKING AT SOME MOVIE. THIS CHILD WAS GOING TO BE RAPED IN FRONT OF ME.'

tion for the Department of Justice in British Columbia, D.C. The Internet didn't create pedophiles, but it was a breeding ground for aggressive pedophiles.

Langhin made the fateful decision that he would tell the police when he saw an online network of child pedophiles "I was in a hurry to delete my soul," he writes. "I've done all this harm, now maybe I'm going to start to change something." That was the beginning of an international probe that would push police into new technological frontiers, cracking computer codes and infiltrating a high security Internet underground that spawned several empires.

It was midnight by the time Det. Randy Watkins got back to the police station and walked into his first meeting with Sgt. Darryl Hix, Langhin's colleague on the Internet chat rooms he frequented.

"I want a video of my experience," the priest said. "And can you get it on Google?" "I'll work on that," the Edmonton police officer replied, pretty sure he could handle the first two requests but dubious about becoming a TV agent.

Watkins told him upstairs that there were no details on the case. (Langhin, now in his early thirties, pleaded guilty to 16 counts of sexual assault and child pornography charges. In July 1998 he was sentenced to 14 years—an unusually long punishment in Canada.) Langhin gave the city access to his buddy list on his MSN and Yahoo! instant-messaging accounts, information that would allow prove connections in tracking fellow abusers in the U.S. and the U.K. He also told



SPICER/REUTERS/GETTY IMAGES

about, but never the variety and amount of videos that filled the WinMX rooms. As Sgt. Darryl Hix, he began hanging around a network of the rooms dedicated to incest, as well as one labelled "Buddylist is KidneyVid Adult Chat." "When we went about 'the guy' in his WinMX club, he was discovered, with that many of its members abused children like white adults, streaming the content for others to watch on a webcam. It didn't take long for Langhin—equipped with a laptop and webcam and with access to two children he could become one of the room administrators. "I wanted to get the high status," he says. "I gave me a lot of bragging—now I had lots of friends. Hundreds of friends. I know it probably sounds pretty sick, but this

the reputation was on Langhin's buddy list. With the password that Langhin had provided, Watkins logged on, blocked all of BigDaddy's other buddies and waited for AJ9972 to respond. Within minutes, the men connected and lived up to each other. "When you hear it," he asked BigDaddy99, and Watkins entered a story about a broken webcam. In the video feed he was watching, Watkins could see a girl around 12 years old walking around in a pink nightgown. For 15 minutes, the two men stared—long enough for WinMX to grab an IP address from AJ9972's webcam transmission.

"Gotta go," wrote AJ9972, suddenly ending the chat. "I'm leaving off my chat," reads WinMX's chat, stating that he had captured the girl's IP address, which indicated that he was willing to see someone in the U.K. "Gotta, we got this guy."

But it would quickly turn deadly. Moments later, AJ9972 was back online. This time, the girl was right close to the camera. "The girl had come into the frame, but I lost her clothing and exposed her breasts and underwear." "I'm thinking, 'Oh my god, what's happening here,'" says Watkins.

AP/WIDE WORLD

The man grabbed her hips and pulled her toward him. She got away briefly, and the man's next pose was exposed to the webcam.

"Nice—do you want more of that?" he said. Then he grabbed her again and pulled her onto his lap.

Watkins was alarmed. "My heart is pounding. I'm thinking, I can't watch this. I can't do this. I wasn't looking at some movie. This was life—right now. This child was going to be raped in front of me."

Watkins was shaking. He came up with an excuse: "Someone's come home, I got to go," and terminated the connection. Still annoyed by what he had witnessed live on the webcam, the detective quickly drew up a complete report, including AJ9972's IP address, drew it as a CD and covered it to the RCMP's NCECC in Ottawa. By accepted protocol, they were asked with personal and emotional leads to the proper authorities.

It was 30 to 40 p.m. London time when Paul Griffiths, a U.K. guy who had no personal ties with the Canadian and the American in the past, got the call. He had been working long into the night on another case and was just two minutes away from leaving the RCMP office near down the case with

Griffiths and passed on the IP address. It took only a few hours the next morning for the IP trace to find that the case passed was for the webcam transmission was located in London. The police noted that house was a mile after room. The 35-year-old man whose the London police found there readily admitted that he had been abusing his 12-year-old stepdaughter. Within months he would be given an indeterminate sentence on 16 counts of sexual and pornography—meaning that his case would have to be reviewed before he was ever released.

Watkins hoped it would get better—and Griffiths and passed on the IP address. It took only a few hours the next morning for the IP trace to find that the case passed was for the webcam transmission was located in London. The police noted that house was a mile after room. The 35-year-old man whose the London police found there readily admitted that he had been abusing his 12-year-old stepdaughter. Within months he would be given an indeterminate sentence on 16 counts of sexual and pornography—meaning that his case would have to be reviewed before he was ever released.

On Nov. 17, Watkins forwarded to his friend Paul Griffiths, owner of the high-tech investigations in Det. Sgt. Paul Griffiths's Child Exploitation Section at Toronto's Sex Crimes Unit, the usual address from Langhin's buddy list. The days back he showed Griffiths how to enter the WinMX chat rooms, specifically the one called "KidneyVid Adult Chat." On Nov. 28, the Toronto cops were ready to begin surveillance on the room. Some of the most active participants—administrators and busy traders met

Chasman and MDW, for Master of Moments men—were immediately apparent. "We were trying to get a list for the players, so who the regulars were," says Toronto Det. Const Scott Perkins, who had joined Krawczyk on the case.

"You could tell the organization was different from what we'd seen," says Perkins. Many websites and chat rooms (some and, in fact, there are many more), you can, trade your stuff and get out. But WinMX was like a steady bar where the regulars all knew one another's names—or at least their WinMX names. Two days after the Toronto cops entered the room that room, an international connection to another case kicked the WinMX investigation into high gear. While Krawczyk and Puchner were trailing through WinMX, at a steady clip Det. Const John McNeil had been keeping up his forays into the Internet. Back in August, he had discovered a collection of 13 explicit chat photos of a six-year-old, known as the "Bible" series. There were enough clues in the pictures to indicate that they were from the U.K., so on a trip to Europe in early October for some Interpol training, Scott Puchner passed on the images to Paul Griffiths.

Griffiths started going through the series, but suddenly stopped when he got to the



users a TRIMM encrypted notes, GhotiSurf Pro and Cryptosurf. What really annoyed the police was the ability of the WinMX software to hide or mask the IP address of its users. Krawczyk figured that he couldn't find the suspect through that IP address, he would have to do it the good old-fashioned way. He focused on Cheaman, one of the administrators who kept logging on the server because of the large number of his postings. On a large whiteboard in the Toronto office of the San Carlos Unit, Krawczyk began to write down every day he could glean from Cheaman's messages—"The trail of bread crumbs," as he called it. Krawczyk had spotted a name by Cheaman that he "liked" (a TVO news Canada, which carried down the country. He made many references to money weather and mentioned going for supper around 6 p.m.—it was already 8 p.m. in Toronto—so Krawczyk was fairly certain his target was in Alberta. The cops knew about Cheaman's chat, about the exact time of birth, time of birth and weight of his daughter's presence, and about his wife's heart surgery.

From the start, the Canadian had their own leads to hunt criminals in the U.S., Australia and the U.K. One of the first tips found in way to the Chicago branch of investigation and Cybernetics Enforcement (ICE)—a series of black, because that city happened to have the largest cyber crimes ICE field office in the country. Ron Wolfick, a veteran customs agent, headed the 17-person unit.

In December 2001, Wolfick and his team sent the Canadian information to the San Carlos Unit, who failed out to be a 35-year-old resident of Brampton, a Chicago suburb. From Brampton, the ICE was going to get the name of one other WinMX member in the Chicago area, whom they arrested immediately, plus leads on about a dozen other people across the country. What the police still could not figure out was how the WinMX software was blocking the users' IP addresses. The challenge of solving that mystery fell to a young cyber investigator named Brian Bone.

In most popular peer-to-peer trading like music programs, computer "talk" is only one of the exchanges. In fact, in some cases, it is not. For one user to read the IP address of the person sending the files, but WinMX software was able to do that and so on only the high-level user information could see it. When the Toronto cops Paul Krawczyk and Scott Panchas went to Chicago to assist in the shutdown of Aesthira, they employed to their American colleague how crucial would be to get a few on the line who the adminis-

trators, such as Cheaman. "If we could find him, we would be able to break the case," Krawczyk said.

All day the investigators huddled over the computers. "There has to be some way to do it," Bone stated. "My computer is taking over when our connection drops. The problem is in there—we just have to find it." At 30 p.m. they finally called it a night. Once at home, Bone got on his own computer and started playing with the program. He soon realized that no matter how many times he logged on or off from the WinMX room, the hexadecimal digits after his user address—a numerical system in mathematics and computer science that uses the symbols 0 to 9 and A to F—remained the same. "The hex code stays for something and doesn't change," he concluded. "Somewhere the hex code is matching the IP."

Bone did some Web searches and eventually found a page in German that seemed to explain some of the WinMX patches. He checked on one of the Web's rumors, if not always reliable, computer technician tools to read.

had first started.

"It name full cards back to fidomans," says Randy Wickens.

Cheaman, a turned out, was a 35-year-old clerk named Carl A. Treleven whose wife worked as a retail drycleaner.

By Jan. 18, the police were able to run an IP trace through the Shaw Internet provider in Alberta to come up with a street address. On Jan. 18, Paul Krawczyk and Scott Panchas flew out to Edmonton to help Wickens with the arrest. At 30 p.m. the next morning, it was still dark as the officers waited in a surveillance van parked just outside the man's garage house. The stakes were high because the police did not want to simply arrest Treleven, they wanted to take over his identity so they could continue the group in a way unbeknownst to him. To do that, they needed to catch him during those brief moments when he was online but temporarily away from his computer.

"We knew what we could get off the computer was still on," says Wickens.

In the van, they had a partial view inside

changed forever," says Wickens.

The cops burst in. Krawczyk looked for the computer. At his desktop, Treleven was asleep, visibly fatigued and sobbing.

"Just look at pictures," Treleven told officers wearily. "I don't want to tell anybody." Cheaman was being disingenuous at best. His criminal record included convictions in 1986 and again in 1991 for indecent assault and gross indecency for attacks on young girls. Now, standing in his open doorway in the cold Alberta winter morning, Treleven could feel his world crashing down around him.

"I know why you're here," he said, still sobbing, to the arresting officer.

"Why am I here today?" the cop asked.

"I'm just in jail forever," said the old WinMX professor, who was an undisciplined in Canada, he was looking at only a handful of years behind bars because there was no evidence—the one—that he'd committed any crimes on shore. On his computer in the WinMX chat room, police found over 50 people writing to download the more than

THE NAME OF HIS CHAT ROOM BUDDY ON HER THIGH



UNTIL JUNE 2006, FBI-Sgt. Paul Krawczyk (left) ran the Cyber Exploitation Section at Toronto's Sex Crimes Unit. FBI-Sgt. Brian Bone (right) was one of the investigators in the unit.

the text messages he posted. English. It was enough for him to decipher an important clue: the last four digits of the hex code represented the port number—the entry point the user's computer used to communicate with the Internet. Then Bone realized that the number—guessed at a series of four represented by a decimal point—might be back words, with the least significant data first. If he reversed the order and read them right to left, the converted hex code into a digital digit—big, he had the IP address.

The next morning, the police logged on to WinMX from various computers in their office, and each time it worked. Then they tried the IP address coming up after Cheaman's name. The code led for Cheaman, indicated that the administrator he had been after all this time lived in the city where the case

Treleven's home through a home phone. They were also sent a phone to John Howard back in Toronto who was tracking Cheaman's live online chat.

As Cheaman typed in a message on his keyboard, monitored and over the phone and Scott Panchas responded to him local in the van. "Be right back—sorry for time."

That was the cue they were waiting for—a few precious minutes when Cheaman was away from his screen. "Okay, go. Hit the keyboard," Randy's command crackled over the police radio to the troops outside. Quickly, a dozen officers ran to the front door and rang the bell. The cops figured that Treleven had two choices: answer the door, or run for the computer. Either way, the SWAT team was standing by.

"As soon as he opened the door, his life

no longer was the same," says Wickens.

While Cheaman cried to the arresting officers, a few feet away Paul Krawczyk was crushed over the man's computer, hoping to pull off an upload, another version of this "lost and found" case. He had to recover the hard drive of WinMX underlings, and, more important, the other chat room administers—there was to be Cheaman. "He was probably the most trusted person in the chat room," Krawczyk says.

In Toronto and in Chicago, where the code cracked, Brian Bone and other members of the ICE team were monitoring the room: they were nervously knowing that the two live Cheaman logged in, it would be one of their officers typing in the words. "There was probably good five minutes between Cheaman's departure and when Paul started typing, so a window of time where your breath moments," says Bone.

He had to make sure that once we took Cheaman down, there wasn't a whole new group in the room," explains ICE's Ron Wolfick.

"We're walking with our fingers over the phone buttons, because if that goes badly, we needed to make sure we got people deployed." Deployed and ready to arrest the known names in WinMX.

But there was no need to panic. In a few minutes, Cheaman finished his WinMX business, answered he had finished his coffee break, and no one raised any doubts. Later that day, Treleven gave the police a four-hour



interview—and also gave up his password as the main administrator. Over the next few hours, then days and weeks, Krawczyk kept going in at Cheaman, and he stayed. "I was such a massive takeover of him, there was no legacy," Krawczyk says.

It was the turning point in the investigation. Now as Cheaman, the cops had access to everyone's IP addresses—in effect, the membership records of the "Kiddies" and "Kiddy" club. When someone opened the room—at any given time there were usually between 10 and 60 people online—the undercover cops could see his nickname, his IP address and how long they were sharing.

From Jan. 26 until March 6—when the major take down took place—Krawczyk and his team kept up the run. As police officers, they were not allowed to enter child pornography, so they had to conduct with an exception. Cheaman was sitting with an ex-wife, Cheaman was sitting with an ex-wife.

ing business associate. "Cheaman" told his online pals that he had just received his hard drive and did not have any access to his collection, he was waiting for his return money to buy a new drive.

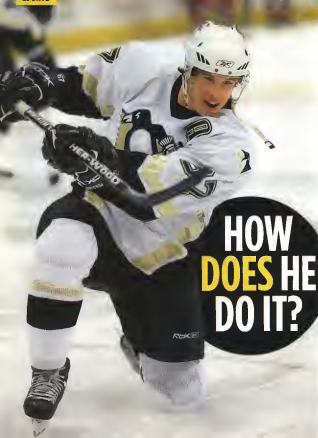
"Cheaman gave us a huge break," says Krawczyk. "He came with the state. It was a key that would eventually help put dozens of people in jail, not just in Canada and the United States, but also in the Netherlands, Germany, Scotland, Denmark and Sweden."

Excerpted from One Child At a Time: The Global Fight to Rescue Children from Online Predators by John Sirri. Copyright © 2007 Journalist/Entrepreneur Inc. Published by Random House Canada. Reproduction of any material in this book without the prior written permission of the publisher is prohibited. All rights reserved. For more information on preventing your child, see www.macleans.ca.

COLLAR OF THE WEEK



WHAT TO DO WHEN ATTACK GOES DOWN
Portuguese police contacting a Brazilian on a telephone shop stopped a man after Lisbon recently for walking his pet without a leash. The unidentified owner denied the pit bull attack. It was a long time, abandoning his owner to a struggle with the cops. He let one policeman on the street and in the morning scuffle a second policeman's finger was broken. The dog's owner was placed under house arrest, but the pit bull hasn't been seen since.



HOW DOES HE DO IT?

SIDNEY CROSBY IS THE FIRST SUPERSTAR BUILT FROM THE SKATES UP. HERE'S HOW.

BY CHARLIE COLLIS At 19 years old, Sidney Crosby is unquestionably the New Orleans eye popping puck skills, the swiftest handles, the possesses self-confidence are all present in the star center of the Pittsburgh Penguins. So too is the inner fire kindled in this game above all else, that thing which lifts a talented player into the realm of immortality like Bobby Orr or Maurice Richard. But to fully appreciate Crosby's place in the evolution of the game—a place undeniable even now, as his sophomore season—you need to go back. Back to the year before Crosby was born, and for the sake of this segment, to a statement of hockey principle that might have been discarded at the time as a snippet of hockey nerfing.

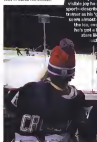
In winter season of 1966, and the Edmonton Oilers were on top of the world. In the sport of fading hockey, a few key members of the team included forwarders Terrence and Erik McInnes in their senior season to make a documentary. The resulting movie, *Days on the Ice*, is pretty much the definitive Oiler biography, worth watching mostly for a short sequence at Mark Messier's apartment in which Wayne Gretzky, Kevin Lowe, Paul Coffey and Messier regale about the key to success in hockey. After an illuminating, at times heated exchange, Gretzky puts all argument with a curt summation of his personal on-ice philosophy: "I want that puck," he says across a forest of half-filled glasses. "And you guys," he adds, staring his head at imaginary opponents, "you guys get your own puck."

The man was on peak form, of course. He scored 1,561 goals. But in this one slightly altered drama, the Great One dangled the measure of a player in the league NHL—namely, the ability to single-handedly control time and space on the ice. Today, the idea sounds quaint. Even as Gretzky speaks, real coaches were devising ways to reduce the size from players whose raw talent drove the game and governed the actions of opponents.

By the time Sidney Crosby appeared on the radar of NHL scouts, pro hockey had evolved into a chess match of "traps" and "locks" and "diffusion systems" designed to foil scores, which may explain why Crosby brought to himself expectations whenever Gretzky came on the ice. "No one is going to touch his numbers," he told Maclean's in 2007. "I was like, 'Oh, he's coming on this day.' It was just a different league back then."

Now, as he makes his first appearance in the Stanley Cup playoffs, there's a palpable hope that Crosby is about to defy his own

prediction. The pride of Cole Harbour, N.S., finished his second season with league-leading 120 points, a pace comparable to early vintage Gretzky but in a league that—for all its crowing about a crackdown on offensive—remains much more defensively oriented than it was in the mid-1980s. On March 3, he became the youngest player in history to reach 100 career points (19 years and 207 days—147 fewer days than Gretzky), playing a game so precise and disciplined that you can hardly tell it's recreational. For Crosby, hockey is less about controlling the ice square than controlling the time square that flows around his skates.



Consider a pair of unlikely scoring chances he created late in the season. On Feb. 10 in Toronto, Crosby shot directly into the chest path of an advancing defender during a 7th game power play, then slipped lightly off his feet to get in the back, ducked just the right blocker, bulled through the net on a check on and—*score!*—got another crack at the net. His second shot glanced off a flailing arm, and the whole thing happened in less than eight seconds. It was a fluke. If so, they hadn't been watching their tapes: the play was an exact replication of Crosby pulled off two nights earlier in Philadelphia, pride coming a juicy rebound which linemate Mark Recchi passed into the net.

No poetry, as highlight sequences go. But as an exhibition of talent, agility, balance, ball like strength and sheer will, it was undeniably Sidney Crosby. Which is another way of say-

ing him the greatest compliment a hockey player could have: Wayne Gretzky could never leave alone.

"LOOK IN HIS EYES," MEMPHIS BRUCE LANGE, the veteran play-by-play man for FOX Sports radio in Pittsburgh. "Everything you need to know about him is right there, in his eyes." With watching Crosby and his teammates go through a winning streak in Ottawa, pondering exactly how he does it. Lange's statement is both accurate and pleasingly mystical. Crosby is indeed possessed of a black, burning man-like Maurice Richard's, only seemingly directed inward. But to portray his success purely as a function of determination is to overlook

the quantum leap he represents to hockey history. To perform that leap, Crosby had to fling the very kind of combination that tends

to refuse ideas of how a star is made. While the Hines and Gers who came before him plotted a course across frozen ponds and backyard rinks, Crosby is a basketball speedster, a player built from the stems up to conquer a highly systematized game. His nature supplied the raw material of strength, character, vision and unbridled motor skills but the assembly was performed by others—a hockey-playing father, instructors at high performance hockey camps, coaches at the Minnesota prep school he attended for a year. And the most important influence of all proved to be a self-spoken Prince Edward Islander with some new ideas about how to succeed in hockey.

Andy O'Brien remembers well the first day he saw Crosby. He was teaching at an elite hockey camp in Summerside, where young Sidney, just out of elementary school, was

ANATOMY OF A WUNDERKIND

Crosby relies on a combination of strengths to perform so well. Some, like his extraordinary mental focus, come naturally. Others required painstaking work to develop. His off-ice preparation was founded on the principle that hockey uses different muscle groups in different ways than other sports, and he tends to value stability and efficiency over bulk or brute power. But to make his regular work, Crosby must confidently ride the difficulty of his workouts, enduring ever greater pain to attain ever greater results.

Propped on the back, Crosby keeps his weight centered over his feet, working instead on lower stabilizing muscles like the glutes, hamstrings and lateral hamstring. Others use their feet just for balance but for propulsion. Crosby's are both: **solidly strong**.

Core training is a handy word for building the natural core muscles. Crosby and his former trainer, Andy O'Brien, took it further, however, doing exercises in increasingly difficult circumstances to enhance stability at the center of his body. The result: **superb flexibility and core strength**.

Crosby's movements changed as he matured and he needed to control body forces, maintain or manipulate his movements to maintain a perfect stride—creating a virtuous cycle of greater efficiency. "When your body moves well mechanically," says O'Brien, "everything you do becomes an exercise."

Nature gave Crosby left-handed wrists, but a painstaking array of drills, dashes and free-drops to flex and defend in open ice, led Crosby to strength for each stick and pass. "He's much more athletic in the heavy hitting of today's game. And he really fought back. He's better with his backhand."

He concentrates on ice—coordinating the degree of knee, hip and ankle flexion, how he bends his knees and lower back. It also gave him explosive acceleration. A year after his league scoring with O'Brien, he'd shaved a half-second off his time on a 30-meter dry-land sprint.

Some of the best products you could build a coach, much better hockey player. So in the late 1990s, he developed a perfect regime to do just that. "What he needed was a top driver player running the most important phase of his development—a manager whose naturalistic responses could be leveraged and programmed for maximum performance."

Enter Crosby and his parents, Trina and Greg, a working-class family looking for some one who, at a modest price, would establish an uncommonly talented boy on a warlike

NHL prospect. That began a five-year experiment that was an unadmittedly painful but the best player in the world. O'Brien happened to be moving to Halifax, so the year Crosby turned 14, he was on hand to oversee the youngster's daily workouts at age 14. Mary's University athletes were. The pair spent hours, weeks, agonizing Crosby's posture, step, control and anything hockey players did at the time the teenager would jump, stop, spin, duck under the net, even do something on an oval while O'Brien studied his movements—aid with a view to correcting mechanical flaws in his hip extension or coordinating the angles of his knees and ankles. Then came corrections aimed at building balance and stability. Crosby would serve as a steady, unmovable

of plywood balanced on a sliver of pipe while O'Brien navigated his movements. "I'd be him with all the time I could to try to lock him in," recalls O'Brien, "or I'd throw a medicine ball at him. As he became more efficient, we tried to create inefficiency in his environment so he could continue to progress."

The seniors were grueling, but Crosby was pleased with the results, and today, he keeps up the same off-season regimen. "With all the speed and youth on the game, it's important to have that extra step," he explains in an interview. "I'd been so good overnight but workouts alone got me the Panthers guy but the two main close friends." "That's something. I'm always trying to gain so, lose only, a lot of the stuff I do is pretty athletic." Evening? "Sprint intervals of 200 or 100 m. I'd do three or four pretty quick and tie together. And it almost always put my body in some sort of unnatural position, then try to keep doing the exercise fast and strong. That's worked well for me. If it's hurdles or cones or ball running, I'll do it with a weight belt on one side, or maybe a medicine ball."

It's not as simple as pleasing hockey movements on any level, Crosby agrees. Rather, the workouts are meant to prepare his body to withstand the game's rigors. "On the ice, you're always lost of balance, or digging to outbalance position. Balance and flexibility become very important. A lot of people get too big and it's in to be able to and to react to moving your body."

It's not only how low much of his time now can be stretched to these proportions. But O'Brien knows what he saw when he watched a game in Halifax during Crosby's rookie year with the Boston Bruins. O'Brien's coach Major Junior Hecquard (a coach every vital department—hand speed, leg strength, balance, agility, and arm speed)

with his speed—his young things surprised everyone on the ice. Today, NHL opponents speak with similar awe of Crosby's "comic-book" as an athlete. "What doesn't he do?" asks Boston defenseman Wade Redden. "He's got on the puck. He's quick, he's strong, he's got a great shot and he knows how to find his teammates. He's a special, special player."

OF COURSE, NOT EVERYBODY APPRECIATES "special, special" players. And many of those who don't live in the city of Philadelphia. The team once known as the Broad Street Bullies was laid low this season by injuries and management incompetence. But the Flyers' fans can still get a new favorite on ice, and Crosby's their new hero to target. Soon all the Washington Center each time he touches the puck. Righter, most of these unpredictable.

And, finally, with one quick-out look to Crosby's left hand is a reminder that his ability to construct and adjust certain muscles quickly with a high degree of force. His left hand defines his personality. His legs, his knees and upper body are not remarkable.



fly down from the stands. Tonight, in a late season encounter between the two teams, the Flyers show they play to get in his face all evening, sending a charge of unadmitted optimism through the crowd.

With that begins a series of unpermitted assaults—a 14-minute by Ben Eager, a two-hand slash across the gloveless face of Crosby, an all-out surge by Dennis Haller, a one-foot, 135 lb. dedication, which Crosby (first face, 101 lb.) narrowly avoids. Later, in the third period, Hatcher catches Crosby in the Philadelphia game with a forearm to the chest, breaking his spine across the boards. The 14-minute of danger, and the danger away, and Crosby came a place toward referee Kerry Fraser. But the play goes on, and Philly's ugly strategy is working. By the end of regulation time, the Flyers are not with the high-flying Penguins 4-4. Crosby hasn't recorded a point. Critics (and many who have been considered a form of Barry in hockey) Gentry find

sliding with boys two years his senior. "We'd been hearing about a player there who was said to be the best in the world," recalls O'Brien, then freshly graduated from the University of Western Ontario's kinesiology program. "But when I realized that this was the player they were talking about, I thought, Good lord, this kid needs some work. He was limbering around a bit out there."

Now the strength and fitness coach for the Florida Panthers, O'Brien was a bit of a mild-mannered at least in hockey standards. For years, he'd watched on the ice as top

level players feverishly punched him in the off-season, just enough to make his body get proven that building muscle mass wasn't such a bad idea. Crosby's body was a high-wire act. For many important, he knew, as the ability to work up different muscle groups in concert at high speed, and with perfect form. "At that time the hockey guys were, putting up their press and believing they're doing things like they were preparing for bed-time comes."

Much of this stemmed from a basic misreading of today's unique fitness on

the intensity, according to O'Brien. As a sport player on oval blades across a low-friction surface, the game demands work from body parts never really meant for the job. "While running or jumping means maximum force to produce forward, linear, slanting requires horizontal exertion from those that provide stability—the outer quadriceps, the lateral hamstrings and a pair of glutes called the gluteus and the adductor. If you could increase the efficiency of these groups, O'Brien reasoned, shortening the time they required to contract while increasing the

efficiency of the muscles across a low-friction surface, the game demands work from body parts never really meant for the job. "While running or jumping means maximum force to produce forward, linear, slanting requires horizontal exertion from those that provide stability—the outer quadriceps, the lateral hamstrings and a pair of glutes called the gluteus and the adductor. If you could increase the efficiency of these groups, O'Brien reasoned, shortening the time they required to contract while increasing the

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN SAMPSON

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'IT WOULD BE LIKE ME SAYING I'VE BEEN A LIFELONG GOLFER BECAUSE I PLAYED PUTT-PUTT WHEN I WAS NINE YEARS OLD'—GOP CONTENDER MIKE UCKABEE ON RIVAL MITT ROMNEY'S HUNTING RECORD

WADE DUBILEWICZ A KID FROM INDIANAPOLIS MAKES THE MOST OF IT

During the last NHL off-season, the New York Islanders signed **Wade Dubilewicz**, their fluky young goal tender, on a 15-year, \$18.625 million contract. But with two weeks to go in the negotiation, **Dubilewicz** was satisfied with a concession. His backup, veteran **Mike Dunham**, proved unreliable, and the Islanders faced elimination from playoff contention. Enter **Wade Dubilewicz**, a minor-leaguer from Livonia, N.C. He agreed with an endearing nickname, "Dubs," but with just five starts and three wins at the NHL level. The dramatic reminder with **Noda** painted on his mask was the most there. Then, last Sunday, he stopped two of three New Jersey Devils in a shootout to give the Island as the Eastern Conference playoff spot (narrowly edging the **Washington Capitals**). "I've been waiting for an opportunity like this my whole life," he said.

repeats. "I want to make the most of it."

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE MITTERRAND ANGOLAIAN'S FALLOUT

The son of the late French president François Mitterrand was once the butt of snide remarks. An African policy adviser to his father, **Jean-Christophe Mitterrand** became known as "Papa wé dé" ("daddy told me"). Papa he's around again to tell him what to do now that he really needs direction. Last week, France's long-running, epic "Angolais" scandal was charged laid against the younger Mitterrand and 41 others for allegedly smuggling arms into that African nation during the 1990s. Mitterrand, now 50, denies having taken money from two Africanists in exchange for smoothing their business dealings in France. He is in high court to deny a conspiracy. Among those facing charges are former interior minister **Charles Pasqua** and former government adviser **Jacques Attali**. The conspiracy, if proven by the authorities, was truly massive: \$179.9 million in illegal arms sales, although Mitterrand is alleged to have received a mere \$3.6 million. What would papa say now?

RAHUL GANDHI A POLITICAL DYNASTY'S NEXT GENERATION

In the complex hot house of Indian politics he is an unknown quantity. But when **Rahul Gandhi** turned up last week to help campaign in local elections in the voice of Ujjay Prakash, his surname alone guaranteed crowds. Guardian of former prime minister **Indira Gandhi** and son of former prime minister **Rajiv Gandhi**, **Rahul** has never made a major speech nor given a radio interview. A member of the national parliament, he will be entering his father's long-time political wheel, the Congress Party, hoping that he will improve its fortunes. Promoteable but inexperienced, the former management consultant had to overcome a steep and put an end to his needful personification with sailing. The party sees the young Gandhi as an opportunity to groom **Rahul** for general elections in 2009. And while other political neophytes in India, he has a big head state.

KRISTEN STRICHKUR THE CRUISE FROM HELL

High school travel dates—especially those from burning coasts like Toledo, Ala.—don't sink in the Aegean. So though the headline, no-nonsense **Kristen Strichkur**, 16, a freshman on the Sea Diamond, a cruise ship that sank last week. Below deck, she heard an awful scream, then a plaintive whistle from the engine. When she emerged from the engine room and let in on a secret, she knew the vessel was sinking. Wading through a rising sea of water, paper and brass, **Strichkur** held her shipmate obviously trapping passengers on the Sea Diamond. Then the ship's listing threw the crew into confusion. Without a life jacket, **Strichkur** negotiated an adrenaline on keeping his own. "We're just kids," she pleaded. When rescuers failed, **Strichkur** pushed him and passed the lifebuoy float to a friend, only then did the struggle up her own. Once rescued, **Strichkur** and friends donated a few coins and. Is she done with the sea? No, she plans to make to Australia tomorrow, "I won't," she says, "I won't," she says, "I won't."

MITT ROMNEY A 'HUNTER'S' SELF- INFLECTED MOURNS

Former Massachusetts governor and Republican presidential hopeful **Mitt Romney** has given controversial stances on gun control, abortion, gay rights and even stem cell research. While flip-flopping on conservative issues hasn't hurt Romney, last week his campaign was left wounded by Romney's own hand. He claimed he'd "been a hunter pretty much all of my life." The next day he said he'd hunted just once—once as a teenager and again last year—with party donors. Then Romney corrected his self's clarification. "I've always been a hunter and a hunter, small mammals. Most of the time," he said. "I'm not a hunter of the shifting story, especially after reports that Romney has never had a hunting license. Republican and **Mike Huckabee** broke up. "It would be like me saying I've been a lifelong golfer because I played putt-putt when I was nine years old and I rode in a golf cart a couple of times."

SAMSON SON SERIPORN FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

Winning the World Boxing Council's 11th Flyweight women's boxing title last week, **Son Seriporn** has won this opportunity to become a **Son Seriporn**. The 24-year-old Thai is currently serving a 10-year sentence for drug trafficking in the high security Wang Pray prison near Bangkok. During last week's bout, held in front of 700,000 people, **Son Seriporn** fought against **Apinya Niyom**. Each round was announced by a member of the press and a traditional Thai orchestra. **Seriporn** is actually wanted to be behind bars. "I've never been in prison," she says, "I'm a woman and I'm a woman." The Thai corrections department is weighing whether to grant her early parole, and if it is granted **Seriporn** will choose between two prison houses or returning home to the town of **Lop Buri** where she's trying out the idea of opening a grocery store. For **Seriporn**, fighting for love does not mean overwatching.

FATE TURNER CAPTIVES FREEED, CIRCUS BEGINS

The first two of 15 British soldiers to tell their stories to the media after being taken hostage by **Iran** may also be the last. Hours after news reports that **Leah Turner** and **Operator** **Mark** **Arthur** **Turner** appeared in London papers, the Ministry of Defense reversed its position. **Turner** and **Operator** were released after a series of interviews and had a military personnel, including the hostages, from telling their stories to the media. The only woman in the group, 26-year-old **Turner**, had said her way to be held for a period of \$100,000, describing the deal as she faced where her captors told her if she continued to resist, she would be freed. "I freed everyone in Britain would have me," she said. But she said she wanted to be home in time for her daughter's birthday. The uniformated cracked for appearing to show no interest in prison, and for plying their stories. Even following **Leah Turner** and **Operator** had heard the media about "anonymous" **Turner**'s fear about the house coming she'd face seemed to have come true.

ALANIS MORISSETTE ISN'T SHE IRONIC?

Always reinventing herself, **Alanis Morissette** was once Canada's bubble gum pop queen. Then she became the voice of depressing "jerk music." Now she's added comedy to her act, with a cover version of the **Black Eyed Peas**' **My Shrimp** (the most inappropriately titled song since **Chuck Berry**'s **My Ding-a-Ling**). **The Peas** had a song, **Peas**, performed it as a piece of food, water and a hip hop. **Alanis Morissette** sang it as a slow ballad, and her screaming video is a spoof of **Fergie**'s sports dancing. It simultaneously parodies her pop music and Morissette's own aspirations for over-the-top singing. The video is a tribute to **Alanis Morissette** and her new respect for people who need to find the way to know—include **Fergie** and **Alanis Morissette**—a bouquet of flowers. How appropriate the woman who once sang "I'm not a slut" has become the new queen of sexy.



ROMNEY: MICHAEL O'NEILL/GETTY IMAGES; MITT ROMNEY: MICHAEL O'NEILL/GETTY IMAGES; STRICHKUR: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS; TURNER: AP/WIDEWORLD; MORISSETTE: JEFFREY M. HARRIS/REUTERS; SERIPORN: AP/WIDEWORLD

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music

"It's important to experience never-to-be-repeated humanity, and therefore never to be domesticated audience," Kurt Nagano was saying. "It is a real and human phenomenon to respond to quality. Given the choice between something of exceptional quality and something of low quality, I think it would be fair to say that most people would choose something of exceptional quality. It's just human nature to appreciate that which is unusual and rarely refined."

Perhaps by now you're thinking: what a pill. And yet it's not so. There is something deeply engaging in just about everything the new music director of the Orchestre symphonique de Montréal chooses to say. But "choice" is the right word for it. Nagano doesn't mind to occasionally let it be different: his music connects through the Canadian new-

world's finest and most frequently recorded. Dvorak gets into a feud with the local musicians' union and quit. A down-and-out around the OSM lost its recording contract and went through four leadership years, all missing in one of the longest strikes any North American orchestra has survived.

"The orchestra was—it doesn't know how you want to call this—blew wounded at the end of the Dvorak era," Jean Robesse, a veteran OSM double bassist, said. The long interim team made matters worse: "It's impossible without a leader to maintain standards," said Richard Kohnen, the orchestra's principal cellist. "It's 100 people and if you leave them to their own devices, they have their own agendas, their own set of doing things."

So Nagano's first job was to calm frayed nerves. This he managed with his very manner. "He's an extreme gentleman to work

His second job was to give the orchestra a personality. He did this from the first night of his tenure, last September's season-opener, an enormous mass-culture spectacle of the sort only Montreal among Canadian cities can pull off. While thousands watched out side the city's downtown Place des Arts on huge video screens and tens of thousands more watched live at home on Radio Canada television, Nagano conducted the OSM symphony and chorus in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

But in what would turn out to be a repetitive bit of Nagano programming, he was not twisted merely to offer small-heads-on-dick recall of one of the classical repertoire's most dependable warhorses. The concert opened with Charles Ives' The Unanswered Question, an early-20th-century bit of experimentalism in which a lone brass

MAESTRO AS MAGICIAN

conductor and his magisterial Swiss predecessor, Claudio Abbado—but neither does he have much to choose. His replies in an interview, like his concert programs and the transience he has plerified for a great and troubled orchestra, are meticulously plotted and executed. He does not chat. He implies or hints away. And he has a lot to say.

Last September, Nagano began a six-year term as the driving creative force behind Canada's foremost orchestra. He has had a busy season since. He is about to demonstrate his handwork by taking the band on its first state-to-state Canadian tour, from Belleville on April 16 to St. John's on April 25. "I thought it was important to do this tour of Canada," he said, "because we went to New York, before we went to Japan, before we went to the United States of America." It is perhaps a reflection of Montreal's old place in Canada that none of Nagano's predecessors ever thought to do the same.

Besides, the conductors had to start somewhere. The OSM has been in recess five years, beginning with the uneasy departure in 2003 of Dvorak, the man who built the ensemble over nearly a quarter-century from a pretty good regional orchestra into one of

The OSM under Kent Nagano isn't just resuscitated; it's revolutionary, wowing crowds by playing Beethoven—with a tip of the hat to the Canadians
BY PAUL WELLS

with it all times," Robinson said. "He's very hard working, he demands a lot from people, but his way of doing things is very polite, respectful at all times."

There's something of Nagano's Californian roots in this. He was born in Berkeley to Japanese-American parents who had spent the Second World War in internment camps. His career, like any first-rank conductor's, has been global—Opéra de Lyon, Hallé Orchestra in Manchester, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin—but his manner in North America, more collegial than a European maestro's. You see it manage, too. Nagano is agreeable even with an unruly mass of black hair, but when's surprising when he conducts in how little attention he draws to himself? He is the orchestra's advocate, not its master.

permeated around the stage, playing a spindly figure that was repeatedly mocked by the flute section.

There alone would be an unusual twist to the orchestra's tradition right. But Nagano also had his changes: play the Fourth Symphony by Gustav Mahler, a exclusive Russian music of Dmitri Shostakovich. The Fourth Symphony is a kind of poem: though the full orchestra of not musicians says nothing. The piece—and the night, and by accident, Nagano's whole tenure with the OSM—became a question that, while it won't go unanswered, will take many years to answer: what a symphony says? What is each musician's role? What are we all gathered here to do, where are "them" might be, when we come under a dogging roof to participate through our presence in the music and become details of symphonic performance?

More than just about any conductor you can name, Nagano is a poet of an orchestra like that. "You are, it's very important to do anything possible to avoid a routine, or a pattern, or the expected," he said. "Because to have a knowledge of what's going to happen, to have a routine—show, you could say, the exercises of creativity and spontaneity."

"And unless you have creativity and spontaneity in a concert hall, in my opinion it

WHAT'S SURPRISING is how little attention Nagano draws to himself. He's the orchestra's advocate, more than its master.

PHOTOGRAPH BY



LITHEAL WEAPONRY: Nick Frost (left) co-stars with Simon Pegg as British cops who bring action-movie antics to a sleepy English village

Hey dude, where's my doughnut?

The blokes behind 'Shaun of the Dead' mix Brit wit with American mayhem in 'Hot Fuzz'

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON // Ah, it's spring and a young man's fancy turns to... mayhem. Or movies about mayhem. Or to be precise, most probably movies about mayhem. There must be something in the air. Last week saw the opening of *Grindhouse*, a double feature of retro chock that included Quentin Tarantino's *Death Proof* (in homage to '70s car chase patterns that put film balls among not-famous cars) and Robert Rodriguez's *Planet Terror*. Next week marks the arrival of Edgar Wright's *Hot Fuzz*, which was another connect to cinematic action comedies from the '80s, such as *Lethal Weapon* and *48 Hours*. Wright, who scored a hit with his inspired zombie comedy *Shaun of the Dead* (2004), is a very British filmmaker: He also directed a fake horror movie trailer that put *Grindhouse* on the map. But there's an ocean of difference between Tarantino and Wright, the difference between American *mayhem* and *gly English wit*. And as a soaked-up car-chase movie, *Hot Fuzz* leaves *Death Proof* in the dust.

Although the script traffics in cliché, it weaves British and American formulas into an ingenious hybrid. With *Star Wars* like *The Full Monty* and *Waking Ned Burdett*, the Brits have shown a knack for making quirky village comedies, full of charming eccentricity who congregate at the local pub. *Hot Fuzz* depicts that model in a Hollywood disease of high-action action, with hilarious results.

Once again, Wright casts his ex-wife Simon Pegg and Frost's best friend, Nick Frost, as his leads—the men's buddy duo who starred in *Shaun of the Dead*. He gags playfully: Nicholas Angel, who has passed info, the most brilliant detective cop in London, with an arrest record 400 per cent higher than anyone on the force. Because his prowess is making every-

one else look bad, his superior ship him off to a sleepy, postcard-perfect village that appears to be crime-free, aside from the odd teenage shoplifter and an escaped convict.

As Nick tries to apply his superior wit to this backward town, he's almost laughed out of town. But he finds an ally in his partner, Danny Butterman (Frost), a dorkier as well as who glows in the dark like a puppy dog in the hope he can give him a taste of the gunfighting, car-chasing life. Then he's sent to the moon. The sleepy village, of course, turns out to be not so sleepy. Residents start getting killed off in a series of nasty "accidents," and by the film's final act, all hell is breaking loose.

For a movie that centers on full-on faces, what's unique about *Hot Fuzz*—and unlike the action movies it resembles—is the detailed depth of character development. Buddy movies are essentially male comedies, and Wright's leads have genuine chemistry: Frost is the hammiest, by the book cop, and Pegg is the laid-back, sarcastic geek who coaxes him into larger-than-life heroics. They come across as ordinary guys, not stars—two bums in buddy heaven without the usual female love interest to save us a bit.

But they're rewarded by a sprawling case of a village of Don Quixotes that includes just

breakfast as Frost's police chief dad, Ted Nighty in Nick's dad's London house, and Tinsley Dalman as a sleazy supermarket manager. British actors used to waders, playing the roles of the scene, rather than the gag. And when the movie finally shifts into a gun action gear, quite late in the game, even though it's no surprise, it still comes as a shock, because we've been lulled into the soft English rhythms of the comedy.

Hot Fuzz is a bipolar picture—quirky regional English farce that erupts into a noisy Hollywood action movie. But the action is held back so long as possible. We've seen that truck before, in *Blade II* or *Underworld*, where we spend the entire story waiting for Clint Eastwood's retired, testosterone-guzzling to rise that first drink and explode into the killing machine he once was. In *Hot Fuzz*, the shift is more jarring: It's a culture shock between our distant styles of filmmaking—English and American.

Once the action starts, nobody knows where to stop. Of course, one kill is when the game is all about, and a parade of the genre is obliged to match the neighbors to another level. But, even as the mood turns to heavy metal, *Hot Fuzz* remains a character-driven comedy, tempered with dark smiles. And through the eyes of the movie's most playful player, Frost, you can sense the director surrendering to his film maker fantasy of seeing the battle of a Hollywood action movie in the English hedgerows of his own backyard. **B**



WE'RE STALKING: HEATHER MILLS

This one-legged superstar wife of late Lord Paul has Sir Paul McCartney convinced to turn around her reputation with another appearance on *Germany's Got Talent*. The 37-year-old singer is a special artificial leg used to be limber and more stable, allowing Mills to perform a cartwheel! During last week's show her performance persuaded one of the show's judges to declare: "One, two, three legs, I don't care how many. You'd be a fantastic job!"

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HOCKING Stone (left) is a regular performer during South Park first, who credit Parker (right) for the show's foul-mouthed wit.

South Park has a silent partner

Trey Parker writes and directs every episode. So what does co-creator Matt Stone do?

BY JAMES F. WICKHAM • There are rising different jobs a writer can get in the television industry, but the most fun is a job where you don't really have to work. In Matt Stone, co-creator of the cartoon South Park (which recently started its 11th season), doing a job like that? Or can he be an equal partner on an show without actually writing it?

First and Trey Parker are both listed as executive producers of South Park, and they appear jointly for most interviews about the show. But Stone hasn't been credited with writing an episode in years. For the last eight seasons, Parker has written every episode, with Stone and a few staff writers contributing ideas but not full scripts. Parker now directs every episode as well. Most of the regular and guest characters are voiced by Parker, though Stone still handles the voices he did in the original pilot, Kyle and Kenny (who no longer gets killed every week). So while Matt Stone is still the "executive producer," does he do much to earn that title?

Stone is a regular presence among people who discuss South Park on message boards, a typical posting reads: "They write every episode and then does the majority of the voices and most of the music while Matt does sound and laughs at 'hey to encourage him.' And it's obviously true that Parker is responsible for South Park as the crude, foul-mouthed work of art it is, and Stone really isn't. But producing a TV series entails more than just the writing. That's where Stone comes in.

While Parker is handling the creative side of the show, someone needs to pull together the other elements of production. That's particularly true in a show like South Park, where episodes are routinely written and produced

only a few days before they air. So while Stone occasionally directed episodes in the early years of the show, he's found his niche as the person who coordinates the episodes, making sure they arrive on time and under budget. This is the business side of things, which Parker can't handle because he's too busy writing and directing. Stone has no problem with focusing on his producing duties, he recently told ABC news that "I am not a good director, I know that. I am not a very good actor either, and I know it, but it is good to know that."

Another important job Stone appears to have is as Parker's minder, his business babysitter. Like a lot of talented writers, Parker is self-indulgent and a bit weird, and prefers to mayhem and work rather than deal with conflict. So Stone needs to do him a favor of the years in Rolling Stone magazine explained that Parker "doesn't like confrontation" it's Stone's job to fight censorship and contract battles with the network executives.

And he can keep Parker from doing in life what he does in his scripts. As a writer and as a person, Parker likes to go outrageous things to get a rise out of people. In the Rolling Stone piece, Stone mentions that Parker went up to women at a party and proclaimed "George Bush is a great man" just to make her angry. Without Stone to act as a go-between, you can imagine how Parker might say something

just to get a network executive angry. It's a relationship reminiscent of Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld in the early years of Seinfeld, where the diplomatic Seinfeld smoothed things over for his volatile co-creator David. Every artist needs someone to protect him from himself.

And, finally, Stone has an unperishable but annoying job doing with the media. When an episode sparks the controversy that Parker clearly craves—like this year's episode where the Queen of England sends a letter and Hillary Clinton has a nuclear bomb hidden in her region. Stone gives the interview explaining that's all in the past. And when voice actor Isaac Hayes quit the show last year over its attack on Scientology, it was Stone who went to the press and remarked that Hayes "he would excuse of religious sensitivity when it was his religion featured on the show." Without Stone to defuse the controversy, Parker might not be able to get away with offending everyone all the time.

What Parker and Stone's relationship demonstrates, then, isn't just that the former is a more talented writer (or, at least, more interested in writing), it's that the less creative partner can perform an almost equally essential role. Without Parker, South Park would never get written, but without Stone, the episodes would never get made, and the show might have been cancelled years ago. In making a good television show, there are more important things than creativity. ■



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF LEE

HILLARY AND JERRY

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CHICADES ARE GARGLED with more deform mechanisms than James Bond's Aston Martin. Many are loaded with ribbon-like glands.

Next best thing to a pet dinosaur

These prehistoric, paranoid, and insanely slow-growing plants can fetch up to \$20,000

BY KEN MACLEAN • When it comes to surviving in this crazy old world, few things match the longevity, bloody-minded endurance and more or less life of a world-famous plant known as cycads. Oh, the stories they could tell. Some 250 million years ago they covered the earth. They were dinosaur food, until the dinosaurs died off. They resisted fire, ages, volcanic eruptions, continental drift and clouds of asteroid dust. They even coped with hurricanes, until cycads (pronounced "sack") became too popular for their own good. Green, hairy and black mushrooms may yet be their undoing.

If they survive, it will be because of people like Lori Pickering, owner of Jurassic Plants Nursery near Powder Millbrook on R.C.'s Sun Shore Coast. Her online business (jassicplantsnursery.com) may be Canada's only prehistoric nursery, although there is a cult of cycadophiles in tropical and subtropical regions of the world. Pickering saw her first cycad while visiting a friend in California. "I was fascinated with the tenacity of these plants, which have survived for almost 300 million years," she says. "Today, because of human activity, 50 per cent of them are threatened with extinction in the wild."

Slowly growing (it takes 10 to 20 years from seed to the size of small chicken eggs), as part of a movement to propagate the outdoor gardeners. She now has 20 rare species for sale, though none have reached sexual maturity. Some cycads look like palms, others like ferns or bamboo. In fact, they're more closely related to carnations. They're not an easy tree to grow. Cycads don't flower. Many are short, shrubby and ridiculously slow-growing. Pickering's largest plant is over a metre tall, but smallest, newest ones fit in between pots

and wait 1,000 years to see some at their peak. One mature sale, in fact, was a long-lasting moment in commerce: a client in the family. They're also equipped with more defense mechanisms than James Bond's Aston Martin. Many are loaded with various poisons, have sharp, serrated leaves and a root system that pulls the plant's trunk into the ground for protection.

These are paranoid plants, and with reason. If herbivorous dinosaurs weren't bad enough, when people fall for cycads, they fall hard. Part of the attraction is that they are the last best thing to a pet dinosaur. There are also their biological complexities. Some are massive, colorful, globe-shaped cones weighing as much as 40 kg. The male plants are notable for their swimming spores, a rarity in the botanical world. A species of cycad, in fact, is credited with the largest sperm of any living organism. It takes 10 to 15 minutes for the sperm to swim to the egg. The plant is also a parasite, driven by the heat and acid rain off by the cones when they're in the mood to reproduce. When it's not the answer potential, Pickering's most expensive plant is \$19,995, but some mature ones fetch \$18,000. Therein lies the problem.

Plant poaching has reached epidemic proportions. The renowned Fairchild Tropical Garden in Coral Gables, Fla., posted a record

of US\$25,000 after 40 cycads were stolen in 2002. "I feel like my children have been abducted," lamented nursery manager Craig Allen. Thieves struck again in 2004, when the gardens were closed by an evacuation order in Hurricane Frances barreled toward them. Poachers risked the deadly weather to steal the first and big up 15 cycads. Fairchild's director, Mike McIndoe, reported the loss, worth at least \$180,000, to a black market trading site for a "financial advisor in a private garden somewhere."

There have also been a number of thefts at public and private gardens in California. A recent gardening lecture on cycads in the Los Angeles Times was notable for the fact that none of the private collectors owned the location of their gardens made public. Some were protected by double fences, security cameras and guard dogs. South Africa, in an attempt to deter poachers, implants microchips in the limited number of cycads it allows for export. International operations have been mounted. One reached Peter Pickering, an Australian expert and author of *The Cycads of Central Africa*, for his part in a \$1-million smuggling ring.

Pickering says she's never heard of any thefts in Canada, partly because cycads, with the exception of five popular Sago palms, are rare here. While some grow in domestic nurseries south of the U.S., most are kept indoors—tall from luxurious gardens or potting specimens. ■

WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT THE KNIGHT RIDER CAR

A restored muscle car featured in the 1980s TV series *Knights Rider* is for sale in a California auto shop. One of four cars used in the series, "KITT" is a black Pontiac Trans Am. It comes with an authentic "KITT" logo and features two video screens on the dash. While green, yellow and red lights buttons are mounted "in the back," "KITT" is, in owner's words, "a real beauty." He's asking \$19,995.



ADS FOR CANADA: Gander was the prototype for a '90s-era nationwide airport redevelopment program meant to reinvent old airports

An airport that time, happily, forgot

For design aficionados, Gander's languishing air terminal is a forgotten modernist treasure

BY NANCY MACDONALD • A major rally was held at Newfoundland's Mount Gander on March 25 to celebrate the Gander International Airport, a local legend where time looks gone. Expenses for outstanding revenue, and the quiet Newfoundland town could soon close. A 400-strong action committee has sprung up in response. Together with the airport authority, it hopes to convince Ottawa to step in. A couple of thousand Newfoundlanders rely on the airport as a related business for jobs. But the small movement has also attracted the attention of a more unlikely group: architects, art historians and design aficionados, who consider Gander's forgotten terminal a national, aesthetic treasure.

Most of the country's largest Gander is best at the spot where 18 commercial jetliners were grounded after 9/11, or at the unimpressive "Controlled of the World"—a retired refueling stop for transatlantic flights in the '50s. But designed in 1970, the airport is also the single most important modernist ruin in Canada, according to Alan C. Elder, curator of the Canadian Museum of Civilization.

The ex-casualty level VIF lounge features chairs by Charles and Ray Eames and Danish design star Arne Jacobsen. Robin Bush, then among Canada's premiere designers, lent his iconic Primavera seating, in blue and grey, to the international lounge. The powder-room features a row of Eames wood chairs. Looking above the yellow and green geometric-patterned terminal floor is a 72-foot mural. *Flight* and *Its Aftermath* is likely the biggest painting ever done by Kenneth Lochhead, a founding member of the Regent Five, a group of artists who brought modernism to Canada, notes critic Robert Ringle. The glimmering, futuristic design was deba-

te. In 1991, more than 400,000 passengers passed through these gates. For some, the terminal at YGK was their first glimpse of Canada. It was an introduction that often fell short of spectacular. (British novelist Christopher Isherwood recalled that Gander's "here where waiting hall, with its table of simple refreshments, seemed very much a frontier post.") But then Canada's airports were uniformly shrewish. *Saturday Night Live* once parodied them "among the world's worst." *The Globe and Mail* deemed them "squalid," singling out Gander.

In response, the feds undertook an extraordinary, cross-country airport redevelopment program that started in Newfoundland and moved west. Gander was the test case. For its makeover, the Department of Transport commissioned the best furniture and fine art, with that stated goal of projecting a humorous, cosmopolitan, forward-thinking image of Canada. "There was no catering to popular taste," explained architect Stanley White, who was part of the art committee.

The '50s-era airport program coincided with a period in which, cultural historians note, Canada came of age. The one-time out-post was popping out from Mother England's shadow, reaching self. "Like those old war movies of the war, instead of *Hey, Gander!* Let's put on a show! it was more like, *Hey Gander!*

Let's put on a country!" wrote Douglas Crapp, in the introduction to *Made in Canada: Craft and Design in the Sixties*. Each new design was the order of the day.

When Gander's renovation was completed, the local newspaper *The Sun* reported that the airport was "beyond to convince every first-time arrival from overseas that this, then, a paradise." The welcome to paradise read like a roll call of 20th-century heroes and villains: Churchill, Khrushchev, Nixon, Bergman, the Beatles, Einstein and Jackie O. Gander was a station of togetherness with a wide-eyed Pilot Castro, who had never seen snow, sharing lunch next with Muhammad Ali, and driving Frank Sinatra into town.

By 1984, day's stopped coming. Jetliners could now cross the Atlantic without landing in Newfoundland. "No Gander, no Gander" read an ad for a non-stop service. Gander became the jilted bride. Today, the architectural terminal can stand empty for days. But Gander's obscurity has proved a cultural coup. "It is so ironic that it's standing," says Saskatoon-based heritage architect Bernard Herman, who occupies the current terminal with archival footage. "Given the nature and social setting, the airport remains rarely frozen in time, a perfectly preserved, mid-century time capsule. If not for its occupation in 1954, Gander might say, the town would never have formed. Without it, they worry, there would be much less."

BAD TASTE: MARSHMALLOW-PEEPS DICHOMAS

"Marshmallow Peeps" and candy-shaped like chicks and bunnies, have become popular with craft makers. So much so that one newspaper sponsored a shamama competition featuring Peeps. One finalist was an all-marshmallow recreation of Marilyn Monroe singing Diamonds area Girl's Just Fifteen. Then there was a scene showing the life of Pinco Anderson. Its creator was ambivalent about facing a finalist. "It smells of 'crazy cat lady,'" she said.



STYLING: LISA

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um, isn't.



SCOTT FRISVOLD

It just came to my attention that a small number of hermits and certain underperforming domestic pets are actually aware that there may be a federal election happening. Sadly, this means they are also unaware that there may not be a federal election this spring, which wouldn't be so bad except that the election may actually occur this fall—unless one thing happens, that one thing being its not occurring this fall. If there is a fan to know what will or possibly won't happen!

Continually speculating about the timing of the next election is the most exciting thing to hit Ottawa since that Jack Layton dropped Neil pin and Rona Ambrose said there. "They do dropped your pen," and then Jack said, "Gib, thence!" (That was *awesome*!) It is such talk that their respective jobs: Kennedy's live stock has done from daylight onwards, time has left it all the way to No. 1 on the list of fun things to do in the nation's capital (holding steady at No. 3, sending Peter Mac-Kay a steady red nose and ignoring the card, "I'm a *big*!"). Meanwhile, the National Research Council is currently investigating claims that speculating about the timing of the next election may be even more fun than learning the mathematical formula for equal volume while listening to Grammy®/Oscar®/Bach about it.

Election speculation consumes that series of newspaper and huge chunks of airtime and it is just like actual news in every way but without the discipline: "news" part. Intellectuals should be concerned that the media is informed by such traditional journalistic tools as "sensational sources" and "hotly pursuing." But don't be fooled by the screaming case of the present: crafting an election speculation story is a perilous endeavour and should be attempted only by seasoned political reporters who have their own opinions and have real, and who methodically

Follow the five-point Mergesort

1. Dramatically declare that an election will definitely possibly happen this spring perhaps
2. ... unless it doesn't.
3. In event of 2., note that the election will undoubtedly and without doubt occur this fall, unless it happens again—in which case, 0000
4. Conclude with some astute political insight along the lines of "Time will tell," or "Guns will not, but."
5. Notice that it's 11:30 a.m.—break off for cocktails and a race.

Some decide to suspend the countless iterations of the election speculation story—but to them I say: if we as Canadians don't know when a potential election might theoretically happen, how can we know precisely when we theoretically won't be giving a cat's arse about it?

I believe we owe a debt to the hard-working political correspondents who each day carry the arduous task of taking everything that happens in Canadian politics and completely ignoring it save for its potential impact on the timing of the federal election. The outcome of the Quebec election



Election speculation: More fun than sending Peter MacKay a rose signed 'Love, Myron'

tion makes a spring election more likely. The pull makes a spring election more likely. The fact that the kids of hard working political correspondents are getting on their nerves and what these hard working political correspondents want more than anything else is five solid weeks on the campaign trail so they can get drunk every night and watch hotel porn is all it takes to make a spring election more likely.

That tribute aside, I have one criticism of the national press gallery timeline of journalism: it is true that thanks to your tireless, repetitive and contradictory efforts, everyone now knows the next election will be this spring or this fall or next winter or next spring or next fall or the following winter or sometime thereafter so thanks for that, but left entirely unexplored has been speculation about when the next race election will be? When? How? I say... Attention: 2011. Next Race?

being a Super Genius. The media has believed that Harper is a Super Genius ever since the last election, when he routinely came to the back of the campaign plane and pulled a record and gave the impression that he was a nice guy who liked the assembled journalists, except that after the election he immediately started treating them like crap again. Believe you me, the media are first in their belief that anyone capable of committing the media will be some sort of Super Genius. On that very same guy who has won the movie *Dave*. Believe you me, very formidable.



More fun than sending
signed 'Love, Myron'

Personally, I've never been convinced that Stephen Harper is a Super-Demon. Consider his record: in 2004, Harper referred to Pat Martin as a child pornographer, then he stole. Harper referred to Stéphane Dion as a Taliban sympathizer. That didn't make any sense! I mean, even a rookie political operative knows that once you've played the child porn card, the next logical move is the accusation of his toxicity. The talking points are not complex.

—My opponent has expressed his disagreement with me on this important issue of policy

—Therefore, my opponent makes it with bayword animals.

By the way, most sharp pain in the fall is in the fall. Political correspondents, take that for what it's worth. ■

ON THE WEB: For Scott Feschuk's take on the news of the day, visit his webblog www.markdown.ca/feschuk

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Erin Davis & Mike Cooper in the morning.

98.1CHFI
Toronto's Late Favorites



ROGERS
Your Daily Right Here



GOSLING (right), as a young L.A. prosecutor in *Fracture*, stands up well to the legendary Hopkins (second from left)

FILM

THE VERDICT IS IN

Despite missing an Oscar nomination for *Half Nelson*, Canada's Ryan Gosling doesn't look, or act, like a movie star. Try to place him, and no facial expression comes to mind. He's one of those rare, quick-shed character actors who can slip into a lead role as if it was written for him, and leave you wondering, "Who the hell was that?" With his narrow features and intense eyes, Gosling is like a younger, edgier Edward Norton. And if you're into, say, a tight legal thriller called *Fracture*, resembles *Primal Fear*, the film that launched Norton's career, perhaps that's because they were made by the same director, Gregory Hoblit.

In *Fracture*, a hot young Los Angeles prosecutor named Willy (Gosling) squares off against a vily defendant (Anthony Hopkins) who has shut his witnesses with a govt. black orange and signed a confession. The case looks like a slam dunk. It's Willy's one last gig for the DA before he trades up to a cushy job with a corporate law firm—and he's already sleeping with his new boss. But the defend-

ant, a Porsche-driving specialist in screwy forensic mechanics, is a trickster. Representing himself in court, he plays Willy like a chess grandmaster blinding a cocky opponent. Fracture's plot rids us of the crowd-theater edges that ride along beautifully. The film's lush, class-conscious design preys on people of L.A. ambivalence, from the villain's glass mansion to the curves of Frank Colby's Disney Blvd. As a smart yet unshowered lawyer hanging in the breeze, Gosling projects a schizoid intensity. And for Hopkins—stepping his Hamlet-like role as a bemused genius—he makes a worthy match Brian D. Johnson.



MUSIC

SMOKIN' TUNES

After *Howlers With You* was featured in a Zellers ad last year, Hildfin's Joel Plaskett regains his underdog with *Johnny Rock*, filled with perfect pop songs about two musicians and the women who break up the band. While *Nothing More to Say* is a beautiful vinyl-based track, *Grave Remains*, with "No fun, guess, seems like a perfect Tuesday Park Days anthem. Joel Plaskett

REXHIT

A LOOK INSIDE

Vancouver-based crime photographer Adam Harrison is fast becoming one to watch in contemporary Canadian art. Following in the footsteps of his mentor Jeff Wall, Harrison magnifies photography's place in the milieu of fine art. In *Making Work* (at Toronto's Dan Mac Projects until April 29), Harrison depicts into the chaotic world of the artist during the creative process. *Adam Harrison*

PRODUCT

TRULY MADDENING

Unlike mass-market figures, Steve Paster (www.steve.com) tick the eye with handmade wooden pieces such as "phoebe centers" that don't fit on the edge. These tablescapers aren't cheap—the 40-piece "Ladybug, Ladybug" version is \$145—but are

wonderfully addictive. And, even if you're not a picture on the box for guidance, it's terribly tough. *Pastoria Teale*

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BOOKS

THE PLAY'S THE THING

Shakespeare is the mortal god of many a Bardolatry, so his extreme fans are known to be fiercely surprising that the fictional search for the truth about him, or for a purported lost play, has spawned as many thrillers as *Jesus Christ and a Secret Gospel*. Most are as bad as *The Da Vinci Code*, but *The Book of Air and Shadow* (HarcourtCollins) by Michael Gruber is very good indeed, as genuine, suspenseful and marvelously funny. *Brian Behrens*

TV

NOT YOUR TYPICAL TALKING HEADS

Between April 15 and 26, PBS will air 11 terrific documentaries in place-time as part of their *America at the Crossroads* series—top-notch range from first-hand accounts of U.S. troops in Iraq

to neo-con Richard Perle arguing for an aggressive American foreign policy. On April 26, Canada's highest Maori explores the

adventures within the Maori world in *Maori Without Fear*, in part through debates about Islam with her devout mother. *Patricia Teale*

DVD

PACKS A PUNCH

As with a lot of our stand DVD boxes, the right hours of extra material transcend the box. Just the best of the Larry Sanders Show (right) only appeal to hard-core fans. While Gary Shandling's boxing coach interview with Alec Baldwin includes some fine moments, the best part of this collection is the 23 original episodes of the show. Shandling's show-within-a-show concept was ingenious but, more importantly, wildly funny. *Cathy Campbell*



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